

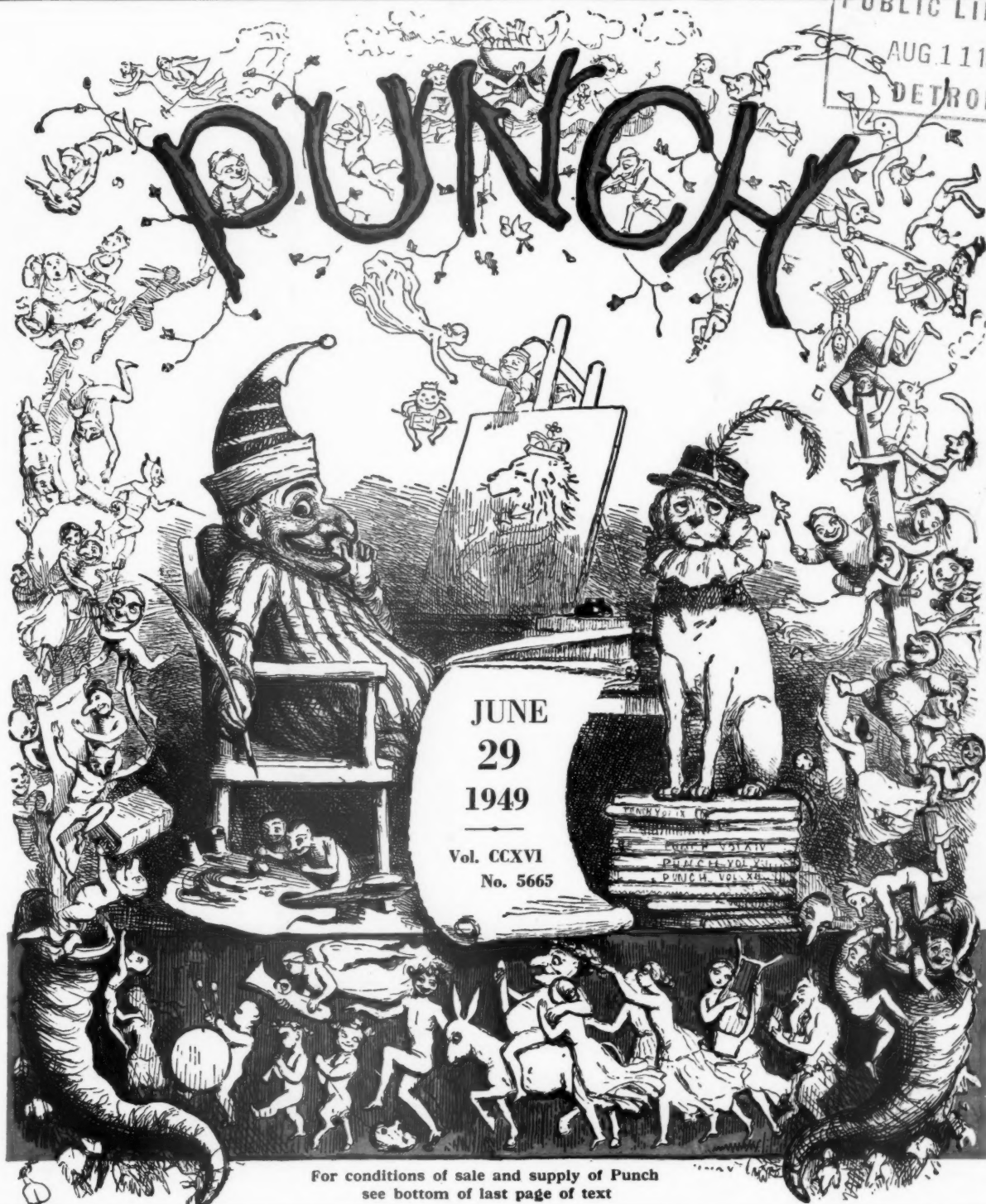
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MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

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Imperial Typewriters

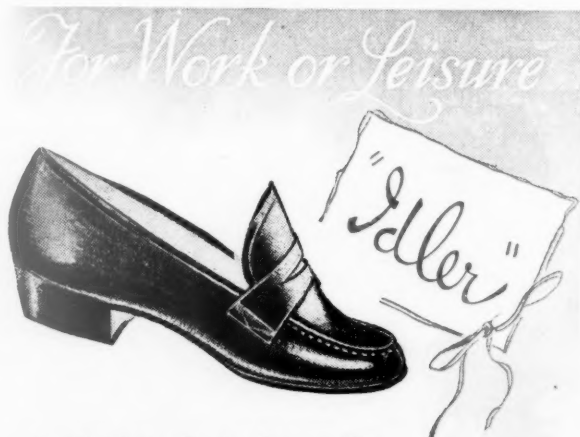
MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland. 11d., Canada. 1d. Elsewhere Overseas. 11d.



Delicious
SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
assorted flavours—now obtainable in
the new attractive *Rendezvous* box



Available in Black, Brown, Blue,
Wine and Ice Calf 50/4^d
or in Black, Brown, Blue Suede,
White/Tan, White/Blue and all
White Suede 53/6^d

Orders by post to 116, New Bond St., W.1
to include 11d registered postage.

Exclusive to

THE **LONDON SHOE** CO., LTD.
116 NEW BOND ST. • 260 REGENT ST. • 21 SLOANE ST.



Latest of a long line
of famous British cars, the S.M. 1500 now
reaches the Home Market—though in
limited quantities. Your Singer Distributor
will demonstrate it to you.

SINGER MOTORS LTD • BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

"and Mummy says
Crosse + Blackwell's
nothing else will do"

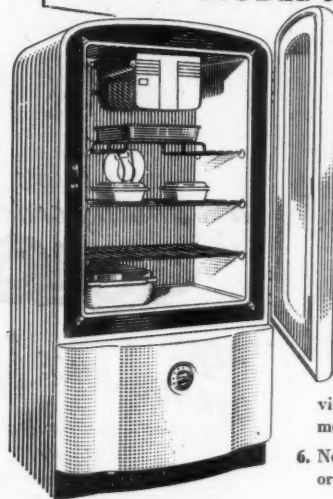
CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Thun
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with
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cook

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YOUR NEW REFRIGERATOR

THE "English Electric" MODEL 64



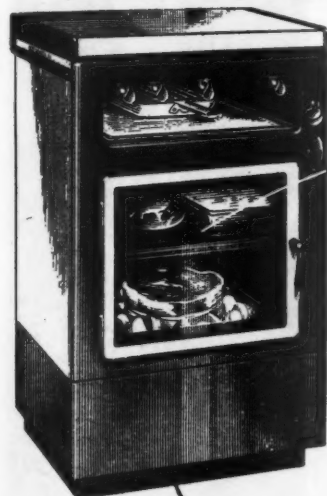
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2. Fast-freezing, silent running unit, guaranteed 5 years
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Domestic Appliance Dept. H.64, QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

LOOK what's Cooking!



The Vulcan Glass Panel eliminates guess-work...

- Stays clear — never steams over
- Retains oven heat
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- Permanently guaranteed against failure

Thumb-control oven heat regulation; a clear view of the oven without opening the door. It's worth looking into the Vulcan—the cooker with every advantage.



Vulcan

REVELATION IN GAS COOKING

VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD., EXETER



Out of sight — out of mind
but . . . absence makes the
heart grow fonder of

Procea bread



ONCE TASTED—NEVER WASTED!

★ All genuine PROCEA loaves have the name
PROCEA embossed on each side

Procea Products Limited, Procea House, Dean Street, London, W.1



When they're feeling 'Peckish'
think of **PECK'S**
meat and fish pastes



HARRY PECK & CO. LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15

M. Charles
Latour
says . . .



"Madame! Coffee, as you like it, depends on quantity and quality . . . You ask 'How much?' . . . Ca depend—that depends. For breakfast and 'elevenses,' 2 level tablespoons to each ½ pint. For 'After Dinner' Coffee, 2 rounded table-spoons . . . and, for quality, Madame, I counsel you—'Fifth Avenue.'"



Fifth Avenue
pure **Coffee**

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM
N.C.144

Craven's
OF ORK
candies



of
delicate,
exclusive
and irresistible flavour

M. A. CRAVEN & SON, LTD., FRENCH ALMOND WORKS, YORK

For energy
and stamina

TUROG
BREAD

In the
home
for a
LIFETIME

The "Royal" Kettle—de luxe edition of the popular model. In pure copper, chromium plated; nichel plated inside. In 2, 3 and 5 pint capacities. Prices from 62/6. Obtainable from good-class Electrical Dealers.

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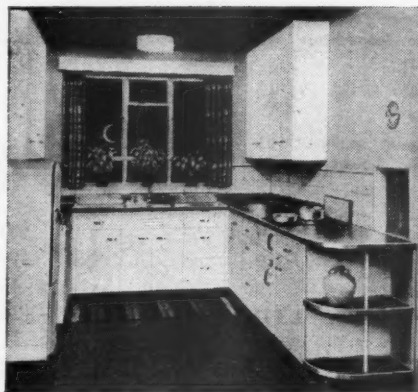
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M-W.127

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**AN EZEE KITCHEN FOR
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The stainless steel sinks, stove-enamelled counter units and wall cabinets are supplied to standard height and depth but in various widths to fit almost any size or shape of room. Doors and drawers fit and slide perfectly.

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Vichy-Célestins Spa Water is the pleasant table drink which is universally admitted to possess those high therapeutic qualities which are particularly valuable for sufferers from over-acidity and similar ailments. Consult your doctor.

VICHY-CELESTINS
WORLD FAMOUS FRENCH SPA WATER

Bottled as it flows from the Spring

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INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., 12 THAYER STREET, LONDON, W.1.



DANCE SOLO...



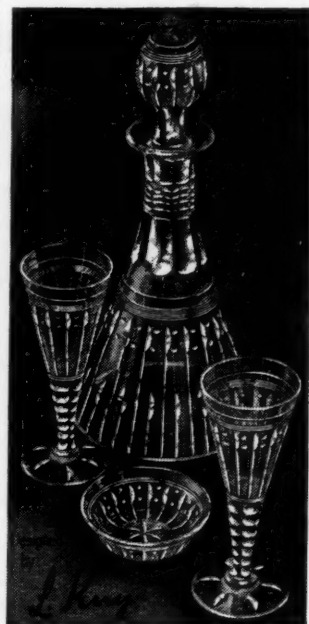
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a standing order
for

SOLO

**REAL
ORANGE JUICE**

so good—tho' limited
in supply

Still only 3/6 per bottle
DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIVES
ask for **SOLO** Juices & Marmalade



Flawless materials, delicately wrought, give a shimmer and brilliance found in no other glassware. The name "Stuart" is etched on every piece.

Stuart Crystal



Meg goes in . . . B U T

Marguerite Patricia comes out

Oh, what a Bathjoy does to Meg's bath! And oh, what Meg's bath does to Meg! Dew-soft—to treat her skin as if it were a flower. Fragrant—to make her feel cherished. This is no ordinary water from a tap; this is the gentle solvent of a whole day's work and worry!

BATHJOYS

— you used to call them Reckitt's Bath Cubes.

Your dressmaker
will be delighted with
TAISHAN

A pure silk fabric in
summer shades suitable
for warm weather dresses
— easy to sew —
wonderful to wash

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street, London .W.1.

From now on, even I can do
the washing



AUTOMATICALLY

**FILLS ITSELF
WITH WATER**

WASHES 9 lb. CLOTHES

RINSES THEM 3 TIMES

SPINS THEM DAMP-DRY

CLEANS and DRAINS ITSELF

SWITCHES ITSELF OFF

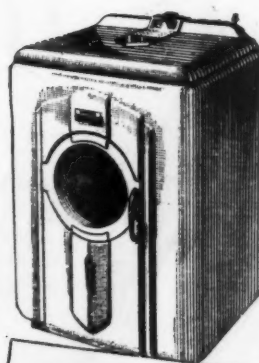
**4 WASHES FOR ONE
UNIT OF ELECTRICITY**



H.P. TERMS TO SUIT EVERY POCKET

Write for leaflet and address of your nearest BENDIX dealer

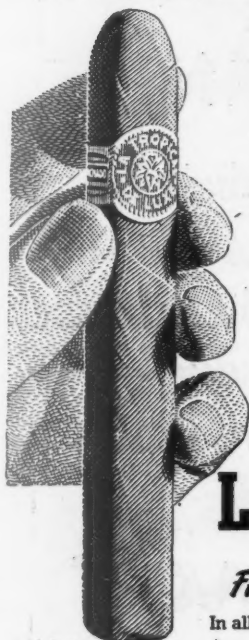
BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES LTD. (DEPT. E) 99A PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1



BENDIX
Automatic
Washer

CREDENTIALS

of one of the world's finest cigars



BLENDED from the fine leaf of May Pen, Old Harbour and Rock River — renowned cigar growing districts of Jamaica.

DEVELOPED over the course of 70 years by the B. & J. B. Machado Tobacco Co. Ltd., into the sweet smoking and mild La Tropical de Luxe of to-day.

SPONSORED by Lambert and Butler of Drury Lane; importers of fine cigars since the days of William IV.

LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE

Finest Jamaican Cigars

In all the usual sizes from 2/3 : Petitas 1/5

Sole importers: LAMBERT & BUTLER, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. L.T.9C(R)

Henry Cotton

himself
designed and recommends

LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles. Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

Only a

VICEROY

gives De Luxe Dry Shaving

No water; blades, soap or brush — nothing but a Viceroy Electric Dry Shaver for the smoothest dry shave ever. The Viceroy is 87/1d (inc. tax). The Viceroy NON ELECTRIC Dry Shaver for those who prefer this method of shaving is 78/4 (inc. tax). Both are made by Rolls Razor Ltd., the people who make nothing but shaving equipment... and the finest shaving equipment in the world.



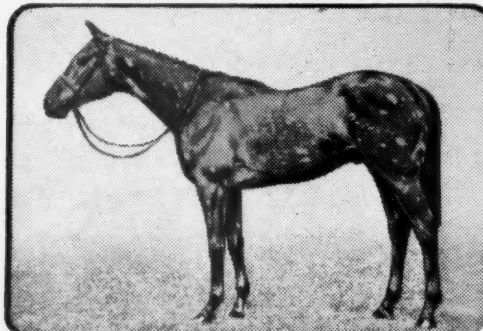
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Made by ROLLS RAZOR LIMITED.

Head Office, Factory and Service: Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, W.1. (Callers only)

David Cope's Gallery
OF FAMOUS RACEHORSES



THE TETRARCH (1911) Grey colt by Roi Herode — Vahren
THE TETRARCH or 'spotted wonder' — so called from the curious 'rocking-horse' colouring of his coat — was bred by Mr. Edward Kennedy, and ultimately sold to Major McDermot. He romped away with seven races as a two-year-old, but his peculiar action at half-speed gallops brought him up lame at exercise, and he was retired to stud during his third year. He sired 257 winners to a value of £179,603, and topped the list of winning stallions for 1919.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope Ltd. have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?

You can
depend
on
COPE'S

DAVID COPE Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

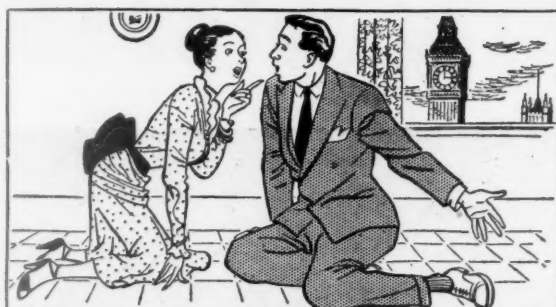
"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

This England . . .



The "Backs"—Cambridge

IS it odd that a great University should lie lost in the fens (or that May Week at Cambridge should take place in June and last longer than a week)? But then our England evolves in curious ways. When Crante-brig was young it lay upon a great natural highway running twixt trackless forest and undrained fen. Where once was the castle from which the Conqueror smoked out Hereward and his insurgents, rise the calm colleges, part-built from its very stones; and where this green velvet peace joins hall and stream was once a world of wharves and wherries. So do the best things in English life evolve — in the equipment of bodies as well as minds. Even those monkish brews of Burton, today known to you as Bass or Worthington, took their centuries to reach the rich maturity that so delights you now.



DEBATE ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE!

Mrs. Newlywed (Hon. Member for MUCH CHORING): Darling, I mean Mr. Chancellor, my constituents—and especially my hands and knees—are tired of polishing floors. I move that an official VACTRIC Floor Polisher be appointed.

Mr. Newlywed: Can it polish parquet and boards and linoleum and tiles?

Mrs. Newlywed: In minutes it will give every floor in the house a higher gloss than hours of hand polishing could.

Mr. Newlywed: Then there's the danger of it running away. We need some Controls.

Mrs. Newlywed: The VACTRIC has three Brushes, two revolving clockwise and the other anti-clockwise, so only finger-light guidance is required.

Mr. Newlywed: Sounds wonderful! Motion-passed—without-a-division. Let's away to the electric shop for a demonstration before they close!



Vactric 3-BRUSH
ELECTRIC
FLOOR POLISHER
£18.18.0 (plus P. Tax)

Have you seen the other Vactric LABOUR-SAVERS?
Upright Vacuum Cleaner £12.12.0 (plus P. Tax)
Cylinder Vacuum Cleaner £15.15.0 (plus P. Tax)
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VACTRIC LTD. (DEPT. PU) HEWHOUSE, MOTHERWELL, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND



SUMMERTIME, with its flies and smells, is the time when a good disinfectant is a necessity. Inside

and outside, upstairs and down, clean out the germs and make the place fragrant with Lifeguard—the greatest protection at the lowest cost. Non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-staining and absolutely safe, Lifeguard is the ideal disinfectant and antiseptic—the essential safeguard for every home.

1/9

THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT
AND ANTISEPTIC



LIFEGUARD PRODUCTS LIMITED, 21 WATLING STREET. E.C.4



Are you interested
in cameras?

Then write for
illustrated catalogue

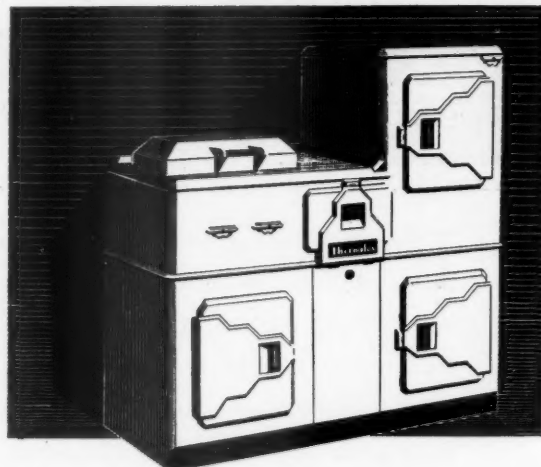
THE PICK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS

SANDS HUNTER

ESTD. 1874

Sands Hunter & Co. Ltd., Dept. P.A., 37, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

in your kitchen...



Britain's most modern Heat-Storage Cooker and Water Heater • An all-electric unit • Two ovens, grill, hot-plate, simmer-plate • A constant supply of hot water • Fully automatic twenty-four hour service.

Thermolux

Full details of these exclusive Heat-Storage Units can be obtained from approved Thermolux Agents or from Thermo-Cookers Ltd., 77 Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 7233.

TAYSIDE



or
TEST

● Wherever you fish, and whatever your quarry, we have been studying YOUR requirements for more than a century. Now only concentrating on highest quality, it is our proud boast that we are to-day making better tackle for all types of angling than was ever made before. Write for catalogue.

Milward's
FISHING TACKLE
... a name to angle with !
REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

Peter
Pullman
says



When
choosing
your
upholstered
furniture
insist on
PULLMAN
SPRUNG
ALL-STEEL FRAMES

Don't forget the 10-YEARS
Guarantee
ADVT. OF PULLMAN SPRUNG-FILLED CO. LTD.

THE WORLD FAMOUS
TOP MILL
SNUFF

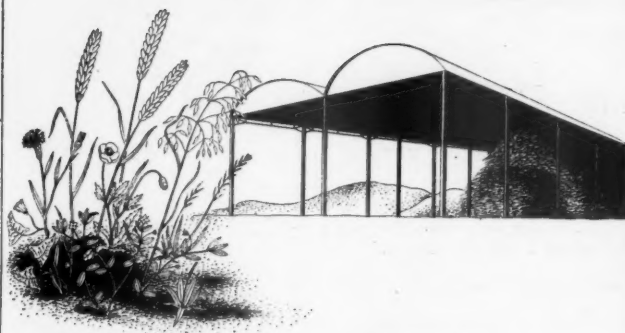


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Sold by all
leading
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• QUALITY
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J. & H. WILSON LTD SHEFFIELD



Harvest Home

We made and erected this Dutch Barn many years ago. It is one of the thousands that you will see all over the country. It has done its job well and will continue to do so for a long, long time. That's the sort of Dutch Barn you'll still get from us today.

BOULTON & PAUL
LIMITED
NORWICH
LONDON & BIRMINGHAM

STEEL CONSTRUCTION • WOODWORKING • WIRE NETTING • FENCING • REFRIGERATORS
CBCT4H

He's a
Bob Martin
dog
all right



With his satiny coat and his friendly brown eyes he's a picture of good health and good looks.

Is your own dog like that? If he's not, it's up to you to help him. After all, he can't tell you how he feels, even if he's wretched.

One Bob Martin's once a day will provide, in carefully balanced proportions, those substances which help a dog to enjoy life, to be frisky and friendly — because he's really fit.

Start him on Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets today. They cost 8d. a packet, 1/8d. a large carton.

POOR CONDITION
— watch for
these common
signs



LITTLISSNESS

LOSS OF APPETITE



POOR COAT



For doggy good health - **Bob Martin's**

'JOVE!'



AMAZING SUCCESS OF NEW SIMPLIFIED SPRAYED WAX POLISH

APPLY wonderful new 'JOVE' Wax-Spray Polish with light hand-sprayer in one smooth even coat. Then shine! Genuine wax polish and protection for your car without the hard work of old hand methods. Special chrome polish for windows, etc., included in kit. Economical; one light application lasts months! Re-shines easily.

COMPLETE 'JOVE' KIT

- Hand-Spray gun
- 'JOVE' wax-spray polish
- 'JOVE' chrome and glass cleaner
- polishing cloth, in stout box **15/-**

Refills may be bought separately

FROM YOUR GARAGE OR HALFORDS. If not yet in stock send postal order for 15/-, your own address and address of local dealer.



BY 'JOVE!' YOUR CAR LOOKS NEW

VALAY INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. P.3.
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THE NEW *Streamline* **SPARKLET**



Distinctive... handsome... in chromium or enamel with red, green or black relief. Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d. Supplies very limited.

REPAIR SERVICE—Old Sparklets Syphons can now be renovated or repaired quickly at moderate cost... Write for particulars of the New Streamline Syphons or Syphon Repair Service to:

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There is nothing that comfortably-off Americans esteem more highly than British quality goods. These people are able and willing to spend much needed dollars on your product—particularly if brought to their notice in The Christian Science Monitor.* We can help you in planning for this vital export market if you like to ring us at TEMple Bar 2947, extension eight.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

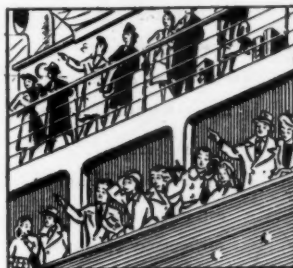
*The nation-wide daily newspaper with a pre-paid, A.B.C. certified, circulation of 165,178 copies daily.

London Office: CONNAUGHT HOUSE, 163/4, STRAND, W.C.2.

Going to FRANCE?

WAYS AND MEANS

Your first visit? Not everyone desires or can afford luxury travel. Less expensive routes have their advantages. Newhaven - Dieppe, for instance, is not only the cheapest way to Paris, but also the nearest, in distance. A comfortable train journey through lovely scenery . . and a short run to Paris.



Other popular routes in summer are covered by the night services via Southampton —to Havre (for Paris and Normandy) and St. Malo (for Brittany, the Emerald Coast, etc.). Whatever the route, you can rely on the service.

For tickets, reservations, etc., apply Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1, or principal Travel Agencies.

* Leave ON THE DOT . . arrive ON THE SPOT if you

travel by

SHORT SEA ROUTES

BRITISH RAILWAYS

DAY & NIGHT SERVICES

Intercalling you!

The Intercall provides an effective solution to the problem of staff shortages for private residences, clubs, hotels, apartment houses, beauty salons, etc. This handsome streamlined unbreakable telephone, which is of a new and distinctive design, can be supplied in colours to harmonise with any existing decorative scheme. The instruments are operated by means of a single button and installations can be carried out at a trifling cost utilising any existing bell wiring. Systems available now on sale or low inclusive rental basis.

Write or 'phone for further details to :—
E. SHIPTON & CO., LTD.
 Ferndown Works, Northwood Hills, Middx.
 'Phone : Pinner 1103/4 (P.B.X.)
 'Grams : Rentfones, Northwood.
 And at Glasgow, Newcastle, Birmingham, Leeds, Exeter, Southsea, Brighton, Jersey, Dublin and Belfast

Thanks! Mr. Shipton

SHIPTON'S Intercall INTERNAL TELEPHONE

This set will "go places"



DELIGHTFULLY PERSONAL,

light as a camera, convenient as a handbag, ready to give you news and entertainment wherever you go. In

the open air or by your bedside this charming "Personal" receiver is always ready to entertain at the touch of a hand.

Model P20B, Battery Superhet "Personal" Receiver, 4 valves 2 wavebands. Size 7" x 4 1/2" x 3 1/2". Weight 4 lb. Charming cream case with snake-skin finish and leather carrying handle. £11.19.6 plus £2.11.11 Pur. Tax.

MARCONIPHONE

THE GREATEST *Marconi* NAME IN RADIO

The Marconiophone Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middx.

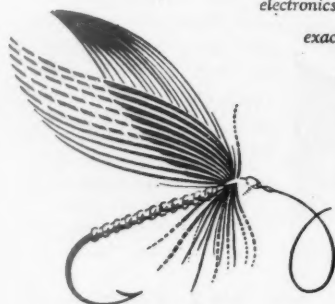
M.125

GREENWELL'S GLORY

or SKY BLUE ZULU?

We refuse to tangle with fishermen on
the niceties of their piscatorial
pastime . . . we're too fly for that!

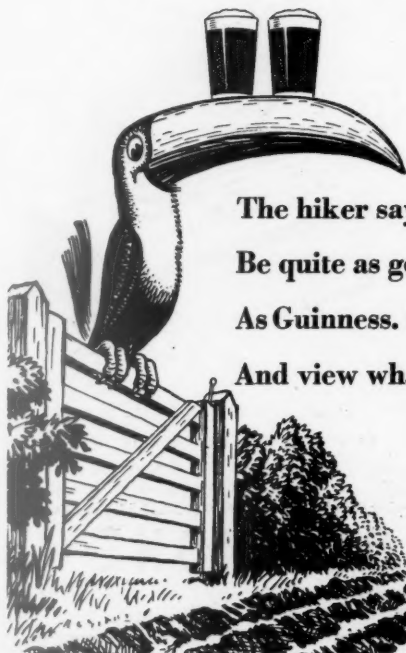
But fishing is also a great
Industry in which the use of
electronics to pinpoint the
exact positions of shoals of
fish saves time and money,
and sweetens salty tempers.
The tempers of the Electronic
and Electrical Industries
will also be soothed by the
performance of Parmeko
Transformers—cast them
a line.



PARMEKO of LEICESTER

Makers of Transformers for the Electronic and Electrical Industries

My Goodness



The hiker says no view can
Be quite as good for you
As Guinness. (Ask the Toucan,
And view what toucan do.)

G.E.1465.G



John's starting out in the World . . .

He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

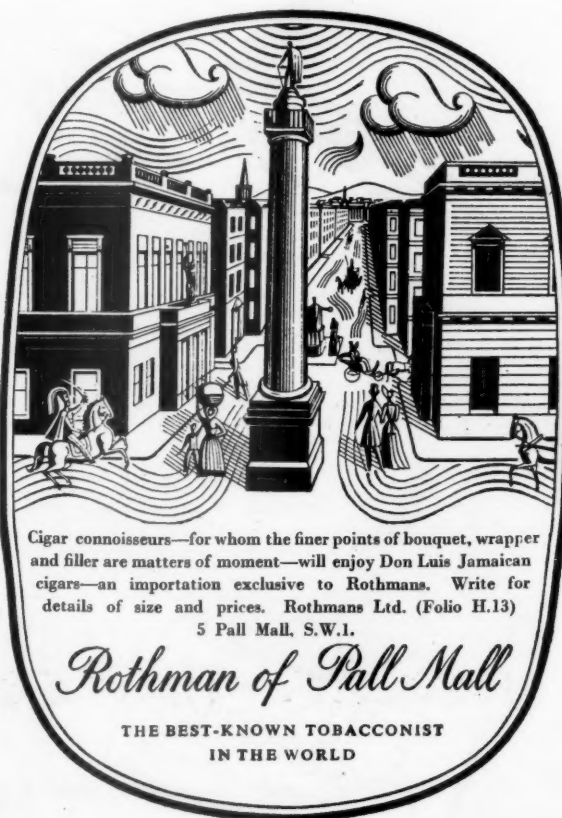
Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

Donations may be sent to
the Rt. Hon. the Earl of
Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.,
President of the Y.M.C.A.
War and National Service
Fund: 112, Great
Russell St., London, W.C.1



Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)



Cigar connoisseurs—for whom the finer points of bouquet, wrapper and filler are matters of moment—will enjoy Don Luis Jamaican cigars—an importation exclusive to Rothmans. Write for details of size and prices. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H.13)
5 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Rothman of Pall Mall

THE BEST-KNOWN TOBACCONIST
IN THE WORLD



Vol. CCXVI No. 5665

June 29 1949

Charivaria

TOBACCO workers recently decided that they do not want the tobacco industry nationalized. They feel that the question of any further increase in the price of cigarettes may be safely left to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Doctors and chemists report that there have, so far, been very few cases of determined attacks by wasps or bees this year. Insects, presumably, have not yet adapted themselves to staggered holidays.



"TWO FLATS. One with door. Good Condition."

Advt. in "The Stage"
What's the condition of the other one?

"Whistling is a sign of contentment, and it is pure selfishness to stop others doing it," a sociologist observes. This automatically puts our dog high up on the list of altruists.

A la Russe

"Auto Sales for dependable used cars; all cars 'vetoed' by experts before sale."
"Cape Argus"

The headmaster of one of Britain's free-discipline schools is organizing a school children's union. It will have tuck-shop stewards.

It is time our women lawn tennis players succeeded against the Americans, says a sporting writer. Just now seems a favourable opportunity to send them on a sudden tour of the U.S.



A correspondent received an envelope from an income-tax office with nothing in it. He thinks it must be the rebate he applied for.

"MEAT RATION SAFE FOR THIS YEAR

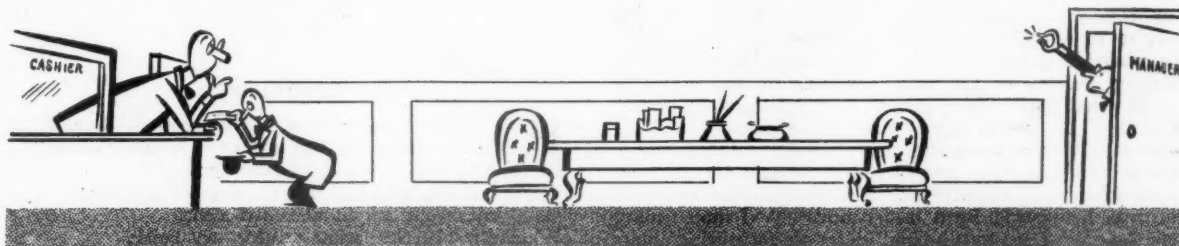
MILLIONS OF TINS OF SARDINES BOUGHT"
East Anglian Daily Times"

How many to the butcher's ounce?

Confectioners seem to be coming round to the view that demand may slacken in the sweet buy-and-buy.

"Cripps looks tired," says a headline. Which isn't really surprising when you consider how long he's been watching the dollar gap yawn.

"One can generally tell the state of one's bank balance by the demeanour of the clerk behind the counter," says a correspondent. Even more significant are traces of red ink on his fingers.



Under New Management

THE day that the village post office changed hands was one that Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, who had taken over, will long remember. Or so Mrs. Barley deduced from the part of it that she spent waiting with the crowd in the narrow space between the general counter at one end and the drapery at the other. The post office section being in between, Mrs. Barley got wedged up by it and Mr. Dodge, who evidently held that a man's place was behind the official wire fencing, asked her politely if he could help her. When she mentioned a brand of shampoo he pointed to his wife, who was detaching a rose-embossed postcard from a wire frame. Mrs. Barley saw that, for the present anyway, shampoos would no longer be handed under the fence. So she went on waiting.

The postcard came out of the frame and Mrs. Dodge turned it over. "Really," she mused, "really I don't know."

"Fourpence," said a gruff voice behind the woman who wanted it and who turned round and gazed timidly at the speaker. He was a big man in overalls obviously trying to hurry the queue so that he could get his tobacco. Still, it was a starting bid.

"Those shiny ones cost a lot," murmured another woman to her friend. "Though there's no telling nowadays, that's what I say." Her friend clicked an acquiescing tongue and Mrs. Barley could hear "purchase tax" and "Government" through the main stream of talk, which was now a symposium of postcard-buying memories. "Threepence-halfpenny I paid only last week," said someone from the side. "It was one of them kitten ones up there. My Sheila's crazy about kittens, and she pointed up and said as clear as you like—"

"Look!" said another voice. "Up there on the ones of the church! Isn't that a ticket gone down inside?"

It was indeed a slip of paper with "2d." on in blue crayon. In the burst of excited comment Mrs. Barley was interested to note that the customer-to-be was firmly against the general argument that what went for the photographs was good for the roses. "It's a shiny one," she insisted. "I've not bought a postcard here for months, Missis, but—"

"Threepence-halfpenny," repeated the kitten-fancier's mother. "That was shiny too, Missis, and threepence-halfpenny it was."

There was an idea by now, perhaps something to do with the way the man in overalls was clumping his feet, that threepence-halfpenny it had better be. Mrs. Dodge put the twopenny ticket back. As she said, it was something to go on. The next customer wanted some Cheerio mints.

"Sorry," said Mrs. Dodge, on surer ground. "We're right out. Took over with not a sweet left and not a chance till Thursday noon." She smiled apologetically, and two or three people said "Tsck!" and drifted out of the shop.

"Nonsense," said the customer, a brisk woman in tweeds. "These are the most extraordinary little things in packets, they'd hardly count as sweets and you've got dozens. They're in a drawer under the counter with the soap." She waved a hand and Mrs. Dodge began opening and shutting drawers to the brisk woman's instructions. It was like that game where people say you're getting hotter or colder. A young man took the chance of asking diffidently if there were any cigarettes down there, and a number of other customers closed in to hear the answer. It was an urgent "Alfred!" from Mrs. Dodge to her husband who was being told by a bushy-moustached man toying with the official pen that he had better stop worrying about stamped postcards, which had never been there, and get

him some plain from the box marked "Happy Days Series, Each 250 Pieces."

"Alfred!" called Mrs. Dodge. "When you've finished, come round here!" She was getting the hang of the shop pretty quickly. "Leave it, leave it," said the bushy moustache, glancing at his wrist-watch, and Alfred hurried off, disappearing after a consultation into the back of the shop. The eyes of the cigarette customers followed him.

"There!" cried the brisk woman. "As large as life in that corner! Up behind the mustard!" Mrs. Dodge mounted a small step-ladder. "Further along!" cried another voice. "The red packets, Missis! I'll have one while you're at it!" Several other people said they wouldn't mind some mints either if there was nothing else. They looked towards the brisk woman, who said firmly: "Twopence. And don't blame me if you don't like them."

"You want to watch that step-ladder, Missis," said a man. "It went flat last week and there's nothing more than string holding it." Mrs. Dodge, who was apparently learning the grocery shelves as she came down, finished the journey quickly and was collecting the last twopence as Mr. Dodge came back to say that he didn't know where the cigarettes were. This was staggering. It put him on the same side as the customers. At the young man's orders he went to a drawer and came up, shaking his head, with two packets of shag which the man in overalls said was his brand. "Bert!" he called to another man who had just come in, and the two of them went off with a packet each, colliding with six land-girls who announced breathlessly that their lorry was waiting and they only wanted some pink ribbon from the box under the stockings. Mrs. Dodge hurried round to the boxes. "I did a bit of arranging last night," she confessed. In the end she invited all six behind the counter and left them to it while she raced over to the post office part, where the telephone could be heard through the girls' merry chatter. They were now serving a dear old lady with cotton gloves. "It will be quite in order," she was saying. "Here's the price ticket, clear as clear."

At this point a young woman stuck her head round the door and shouted "I say! Is it O.K. if I leave my bike?"

"Eh?" shouted Mr. Dodge from the crowd, where, having finished off the step-ladder, he was jumping at the ceiling to reach a cluster of blacklead brushes.

"That's all right, Miss," said a little man. "They all do," he explained to Mr. Dodge. "Round in your yard. Hi, Miss," he yelled, "is the bus coming?"

But the young woman had banged the door. There was a grinding noise outside the shop and panic inside.

"It *can't* be!" cried a woman as the crowd surged to the door. "The time!" Mrs. Barley saw, as she surged too, that something had indeed happened to the time. Twelve minutes to was the exact minute that the bus was due, and never in the history of the village post office had its clock been less than five minutes fast.

ANDE

Wendover

HOW rich the caverned shade beneath the boughs;
How friendly, hot and calm the country smells
Of elder-flower and hedge-hidden cows;
What buzzing bird-still hours, made to browse;
What cataracting light across the corn;
What strawberries; what Canterbury bells;
July is born.

F. C. C.



HONEST JOHN

[Dedicated to all those who appropriate, to the discomfort of everyone else, the countless towels, electric light bulbs, spoons, forks, looking-glasses, sheets, pillow-cases and even tablecloths that are annually reported missing by hotels and other places of public resort.]

With Dazzling Garments Trailing

THE lady behind the grille asks "Upright or grand?" and I say modestly "Upright." "Fourteen," she says; "one-and-sixpence, please," and I go away from the grille and walk up thirty-four narrow stairs.

Number fourteen is full of tobacco smoke. I cross it and throw open the window. Then I put my gloves on the piano and read a notice on the wall which says "Do not smoke; others will use this studio."

I open the piano and glance around. On the opposite wall is another notice which says "When the studio is in use all windows must be tightly fastened owing to complaints from the neighbours."

I rush to the window and close it; then I recollect that the studio is not yet in use and open it again. Then a terrible noise from the next studio comes through the wall. The neighbours . . . I close the window. This flapping to and fro has cleared a little of the smoke.

There are terrifying discords from next door, and a voice which says,

pleadingly, "Pianissimo!" "Fortissimo!" says another voice with determination, and its owner crashes about all over the piano. "But—pianissimo!" says the first voice. The other man probably can't hear; at any rate the crashing continues. . . .

It is all on account of Ibsen and Mrs. Excalibur that I am in this horrible place. I said "Oh, yes, 'The Father': I always think Ibsen is so interesting." It was only a well-meant attempt to add to the general gaiety. Mrs. Excalibur merely lifted an eyebrow and said "Strindberg," and I lost my head so completely that two minutes later I admitted to having sung at school the alto of "O who will o'er the downs so free?" In three more minutes, I am so weak-willed, it had been arranged for me to sing the alto of a madrigal which Mrs. Excalibur is insisting on performing to a group of harmless and unsuspecting American tourists.

We have no piano in our flat, but by this time I found it impossible to confess to Mrs. Excalibur that learning

even "Three Blind Mice" from looking at a piece of music would take me weeks. So here I am, in this building with the notice saying "Practice Studios" on the outside and all kinds of noises coming from the inside. I am resolved to pick out notes on a piano until I can sing "See where they come, a-down, a-down-a, fa-la-la"—even the alto part—*con brio*. Unfortunately, quite apart from what one might call technical problems, I cannot stand up in public and utter the words "See where they come, a-down, a-down-a, fa-la-la," without feeling foolish. Even in my present smoky privacy I find my voice cracking self-consciously.

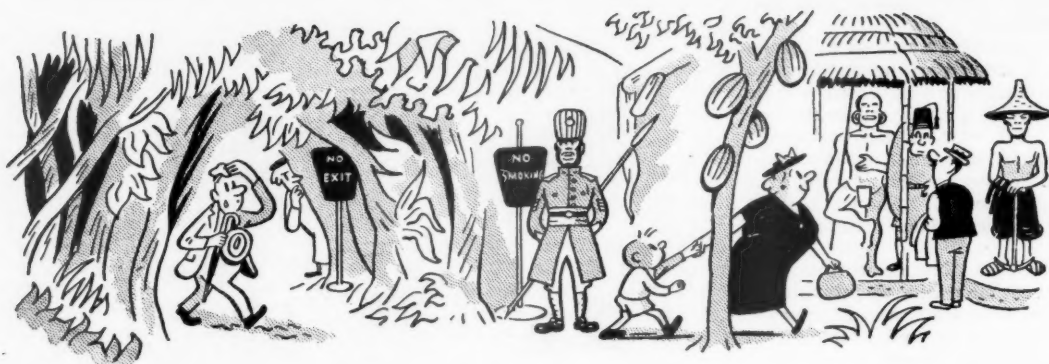
"Fortissimo!" shrieks the pianist next door, suddenly.

The door opens and a man with untidy black hair says "Could you get a bassoon for to-morrow night?"

"No," I say. "I know no bassoons." He thinks this is funny. He says "Oh, well! If you see Johnny, tell him," and withdraws his head.

A woman is being murdered, or at any rate is suffering horribly, on the other side—the other side from the pianist. I shan't do anything about it. Fa-la-la. A dreadful thing has happened. The alto has suddenly split in two and I have no idea whether I am to sing "FAH-LAH-LAH" or (in the same





Colonies on Parade

WHEN, at the Colonial Office's request, the Central Office of Information recently had a Gallup across the barren wastes of the public's knowledge of the Colonies, they turned up some pretty gruesome samples of general ignorance. They found, for example, that:

Five out of every ten people interviewed could not name a single British Colony;

Seven out of every eight did not know the difference between a Colony and a Dominion;

Three per cent. imagined the United States to be a part of the Colonial Empire.

"Colonial Month," which the King inaugurated on June 21st, is an attempt to throw some light into these dark places. The principal item in the month's programme is the admirable exhibition at the Central Office of Information's hall in Oxford Street, regrettably christened in the current jargon "Focus on Colonial Progress."

The exhibition is small in area but large in scope; you can find out a lot there about most of the Colonies, and something about all of them, even if it is only what their coats-of-arms are or what their postage-stamps look like.

At the entrance to the hall stand two members of the Gold Coast Mounted Police in splendid green-and-scarlet uniforms. They come from the Northern Territories, the least advanced part of the Gold Coast. Like Transatlantic athletes, they have brought with them supplies of additional rations—to be specific, rice, beans and pepper.

The weather for the opening of the exhibition had the real Gold Coast feel about it; if it breaks later on and the police find the climate of Oxford Street a bit chilly, they need only take a few sharp paces back through the Primitive

African House which forms the entrance—it is rather more commodious than the huts we recollect, but after all, you must get the public in—and they will find themselves in a little slice of West African jungle.

The jungle is masterly. Great tree-trunks tower up to a ceiling of vine-twisted foliage, above which you can imagine them towering further to the third floor of Mount Royal. Only an occasional shaft of sunlight pierces the sinister gloom, and the temperature and humidity are all the aspiring Mungo Park could ask for. (In the administrative office outside, a notice instructs the staff to switch on the jungle at six in the morning for two therms.) The croaking and chattering of small game sound continually, with an occasional hyena howling a descant. A child behind us refused to move a step until it was reassured that Daddy was there, no doubt armed with the obligatory stick carried by all British in the tropics to guard against snakes. Indeed, one looks nervously for a snake or a spider in one's path. Livestock, however, were reluctantly discarded by the organizers of the exhibition; even a domestic parrot which survived the eliminating rounds was finally dropped. The bullfrogs croak and the hyenas howl now by courtesy of the B.B.C.

At the end of the jungle path you turn right, through a section of a modern African dwelling, into a roomful of exotic figures, a veritable Colonial Tussaud's. Here a *morán* of the Masai stands on one leg and leans upon his spear. He wears a good deal of copper wire but not much else. A little Kikuyu forest-warden in his askari-like uniform lurks behind him as if determined to keep out of sight. Perhaps he is wise; the Masai know better now, but for years one of their chief recreations was slaughtering the

Kikuyu. However, no doubt the sun-tanned Kenya coffee-planter next to them would soon drop the spray of blossom he holds so elegantly and intervene if any serious dispute arose.

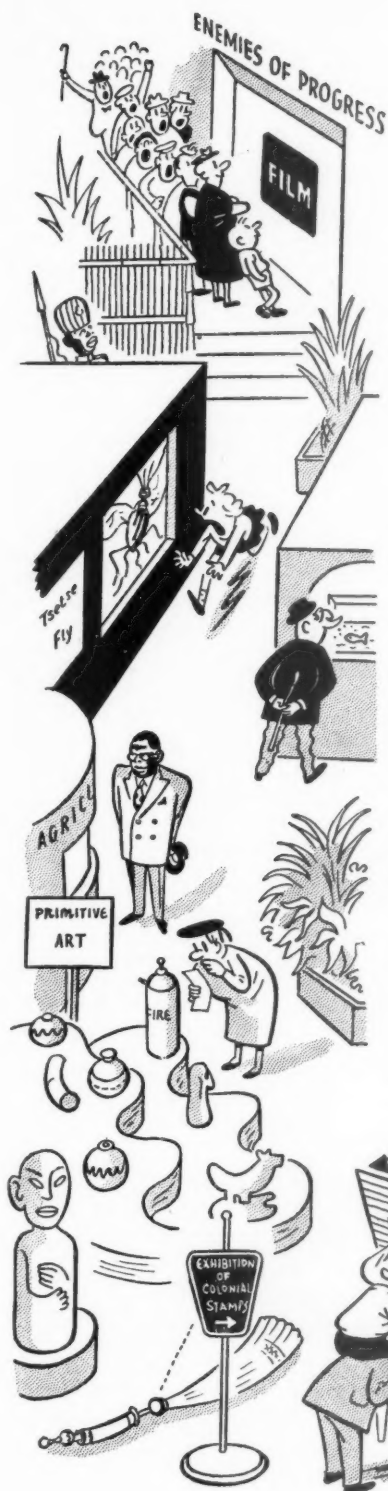
Here is a grave Oriental labelled "Hong Kong merchant." There are Chinese newspapers on his table; his snuff-box and his tea-cup are inscribed with Chinese characters; an abacus hangs on the wall of his office. We peer over his shoulder at his typewriter, wondering what is the Chinese for QWERTYUIOP³/₆₃. To our disappointment the typewriter is perfectly occidental.

Here two Tanganyika chiefs provide a sartorial contrast, one in ceremonial skins, the other in a lounge suit and topee. Here a Cypriot weighs out a pound of new potatoes, and we wonder why he is represented giving short weight. Behind us, in a hole in the wall, a Nigerian is mining coal, and above him, in another hole in the wall, a Northern Rhodesian is mining copper. Here, leaning against the wall, a little figure in white overalls gazes fixedly across the room. We cannot see his label. As we step nearer to him he stirs gently and speaks.

"Hi, Alf," he says, "you got them packing cases yet?"

The next section displays Colonial art, ranging from primitive carvings from the Solomon Islands (but how much better the real primitives are than clever Western artists playing at being primitive!) and grotesque Yoruba masks to masterpieces of lovely craftsmanship like the Kalentan silver tray, the glazed earthenware dish from Cyprus, and the beautiful embroidered sarongs on which they stand. The stringing of the Uganda harp, with the G string wrapped around the others, is *not* authentic.

Downstairs, we pass through the



historical section, with its cyclorama of endless Golden Hinds sailing the Spanish Main, and arrive at the section labelled "Enemies of Progress."

The first enemies of progress we see are a group of anopheles mosquitoes and tsetse-flies, each with a wingspread of about eighteen inches. They hang menacingly above a desert where lie scattered the whitened bones of a man and his ox. Two emaciated Africans regard the scene from the back cloth; you can almost hear them wondering if there will be any D.D.T. in the local Indian *duka*.

Even more inimical is the small swarm of locusts immured in a glass case. They wriggle and crawl about the branches they have been given to exercise on as restlessly as if they were destroying a field of mealies. The branches have already been stripped of foliage and now seem to be losing their bark . . .

We feel that the locusts would have done well to emulate the Gold Coast police and bring their own rations with them—a couple of coffee-plantations, say, or a few square miles of wheat.

Other enemies of progress are illustrated by a tank of impure water, where we sought vainly for a typhoid germ or a bilharzia worm, though no doubt they were lurking somewhere among the undergrowth; by some horrid photographs of disease in men and plants; and by the Magic Diorama. The Magic Diorama presents a section of country badly farmed by a backward people. The light dims for a moment; when it brightens again the land has turned into a dusty desert.

Magic is perhaps the keynote of the exhibition. It is all very well to blame magic for retarding the progress of savage peoples, but here it has obviously been employed right and left.

Look round this next section, heralded by a banner inscribed "Men at Work." In the schoolroom the solid wooden lids of the desks suddenly

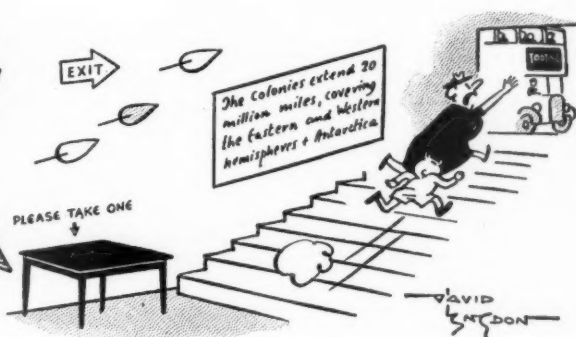
light up with written slogans. In the "talking kitchen" doors open and curtains are drawn of themselves, while a disembodied voice expounds the indebtedness to the Colonies of the householder (who has managed to get some nicer oranges than we have up to the present) for so much that he eats and wears and lives with. About the humble but over-publicized groundnut are displayed twenty-five utterly distinct derivatives from it, ranging from dynamite to a gent's natty suiting. Say if you will that this is all due to the Wonders of Science; but just the same we found ourselves looking for the witch-doctor in the corner.

Disengaging ourselves from the films, the models, the diagrams, the maps and the magic which interpret Colonial achievement in agriculture, medicine, survey, industry and education, we retire to the cool of the stamp-collection, neatly framed in assorted Colonial woods. Why are Colonial stamps always so much prettier than ours? These are not special issues, but the ordinary everyday article; compared with them the austere products of the Mother Post Office are dreary indeed.

Around the frieze are the coats-of-arms of the Colonies and Protectorates. If any of the animals on them look a bit heraldic to you, you can compare them with the originals in the Zoo, where they are being displayed side-by-side during Colonial Month.

So we come out into the tropical sunshine of Oxford Street, having visited sixty-three million of our fellow-citizens in sixty minutes. Before we move away we look into the exhibition's shop-window, where a model of a native cinema presents a continuous performance. The auditorium is empty—the only unrealistic thing we have seen. Colonial peoples are never tired of finding out about us. Perhaps, now that they have this opportunity, our own people will repay them the compliment.

B. A. YOUNG



At the Pictures

Christopher Columbus—Whisky Galore

THE great mistake, the almost fatal mistake about the British film *Christopher Columbus* (Director: DAVID MACDONALD) is the ending, which absurdly decorates Columbus's death-



[Christopher Columbus]

No Donald Duck?

Christopher Columbus—FREDRIC MARCH

bed scene not only with the beaming shades of some of his friends (who give him a reassuring talking-to about the prospects of the New World, and even tell him he "really started something") but also with off-screen voices declaiming bits of the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg speech and the Roosevelt one about the Four Freedoms. Of course this was done "for the U.S. market," and of course it was wrong: it seems to me likely that the U.S. market will be just as irritated as we are to get this spoonful of simple-minded philosophy after a comparatively straightforward telling of the story.

Straightforward, but far from enthralling. It is not really particularly interesting to be told of the quite ordinary ways in which Columbus was kept waiting before he got the Court of Spain to provide the ships for his expedition. Even though this first section of the film (lasting three-quarters of an hour) is provided with as much as can be managed of the costume picture's usual outfit of menacing villainy, love and heroics, we get almost as impatient with it as Columbus did. It can't be disguised that the main point about him was his certainty that he would come to the East by sailing westward; FREDRIC MARCH does all he can to make him appear an inspired, impressive, dominating character with a burning conviction, but he has little

more to work with than a succession of well-known incidents. The dialogue too, never very far from cliché, falls at times into such unfortunate locutions as—when he is about to tell Ferdinand and Isabella of his discoveries—"I hardly know where to begin." The best of the film is in some of the spectacular scenes—the colour in the shipboard episodes is often attractive—and there are a few welcome touches of imagination in the detail. I remember noticing with approval the way the sound of tropical birds' cries was used in the background of a scene in Columbus's camp in South America.

A preferable attitude to the U.S. market is noticeable at the opening of *Whisky Galore* (Director: ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK) when an off-screen voice, setting the scene by describing the position of the island of Todday in the Outer Hebrides, a hundred miles from the mainland, observes disrespectfully "To the west, nothing. Except America." No reason why an American audience shouldn't appreciate that, but a great virtue of this cheerful comedy is that it is not self-conscious about its effect, on the Americans or anyone else. It is concerned with no more than its own characters, the islanders and the English—the islanders in 1943, gasping for whisky, and the pompous over-conscientious Englishman who conceives it his duty as commander of the local Home Guard to prevent them from looting when a ship full of the stuff is wrecked within reach.

This is as deeply enjoyable as *Passport to Pimlico*, without being so deliberately funny or inventive (it's odd, by the way, to notice that when people say they enjoyed *Passport to Pimlico* almost the only thing they mention is that English-rain joke at the end—as if that weren't the most obvious and contrived gag in the whole thing). *Whisky Galore* has more, much more merit as a film; its theme develops in a natural crescendo to the climax, and it does not depend like the other piece on unflagging invention of comic incident to decorate the main line of the story. There are some really brilliant little scenes, observed from above, of activity on the steep island roads at midnight (midnight tends to be a deadline or a zero hour when the Sabbath intervenes); the smaller-scale, more detailed episodes are often equally good, and the characters are amusing and full of life. Altogether a most agreeable film.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For the brightest London film—see above.

Yellow Sky (15/6/49), an excellent Western, is now to be found in the suburbs. That grim but admirably done and satisfying story of pursuit *Act of Violence* (11/5/49) is appearing here and there; so is BOB HOPE's burlesqued Western *The Paleface* (16/2/49), which isn't really burlesqued enough, but has its gay moments. An older and funnier piece of craziness you may come across is *On Our Merry Way* (10/11/48), much of which is highly enjoyable. *Johnny Belinda* (5/1/49) is still to be found (that wonderful performance by JANE WYMAN); and mind you don't overlook *The Window* (13/4/49).

RICHARD MALLETT



[Whisky Galore]

A Blow for Freedom

Mrs. Campbell—JEAN CADELL; George Campbell—GORDON JACKSON

I Give Up

An Ode on Ambilateralism

I GIVE up. There were days
When a chap used to grope
Through the economic maze
With a ray of hope.
There was Free Trade,
And there was Tariff Reform.
The scents they laid
Were breast-high and warm.
A chap was one of these,
Or else he was the other:
And if you wished to please
You said you were another.
If you laboured through
All the leading articles
You found one or two
Of which you understood
particles—
Enough, at least,
To give you the air,
At tavern or feast,
Of being all there.
But now, I'm afraid,
There is no simple schism:
Instead of Free Trade
There is Multilateralism.
All right. But I claim
You're very much warmer
Than I if you can name
The new Tariff Reformer.
Never mind—never *mind*!
If you hit that head,
They'll talk, you'll find,
About currency instead.
(And when they begin
The currency tale
This old brain-bin
Shuts up like a snail.)
You learn about dollars;
Your top is whirling.
Then somebody hollers:
"But what about sterling?"
You think you're hot
On the sterling era:
And, before you know what,
You're discussing the lira.
I give up. In these days,
It seems, it's essential
To understand a phrase
Like "deflationary potential".
"Stop thief!" they cry.
You ask "What thief is it?"
"You ass," they reply:
"It's the external trade deficit."
And then there's a worse 'un:
There are "unrequited exports",
To which this humble person
Does not know any rhymes.
I give up. There were times
When the prophets would roar,
As steady as chimes,
What they roared before.
One man was all beans,
Another all banes,
About good Mr. Keynes
(Or should it be Keynes?).

You knew where they were
And followed afar.
Now the prophets declare
They don't know where they are.
One year a man weens
That Keynes was a hero:
Next year Mr. Keynes
Ranks far below zero.
One day he's crying
"We've rounded the corner!"
Next day we're dying—
And he's chief mourner.
I give up. I don't care
If I disgrace the nation
By being unable to share
In polite conversation.
God bless the gents
Who see us through
Such tangled events—
But what can I do?
They can talk till they're hoarse
About Keynes and Cripps.
I shall wait for the next course,
Or study the comic strips.
I shall not read any
Of the economic articles,

However many
The intelligible particles.
It makes no sense,
The contemporary buzz:
I shall sit on the fence
Until it does.
And if they hiss
"Ah! but one day soon,
There'll be a currency abyss,
Or an economic typhoon.
A deflationary lorry
Will squash you flat:
And then you'll be sorry
You behaved like that!"
I shall answer with pride,
Or, maybe, bravado,
"I don't care if it's a multilateral tide,
Or a devaluationary tornado!
I shall face with *bonhomie*
The future of this old ball:
And, as for Political Economy,
Nothing could surprise me at all.
We all may hurry
To the same low spot:
But you'll have had worry—
And I shall not". A. P. H.



Auguste is Televised

"WELL," asked Auguste, "how did it go? Was I all right? Could you hear what I said? Could you see me clearly? Was I interesting? Was my tie straight?"

"You were all right," said Hereward.

This somewhat faint praise was drowned in a torrent of enthusiasm from Auguste's other relations. Alexandrina, for instance, said "Darling, you were wonderful," which is high tribute from a sister. Gloriana was even more fulsome; while Theodore, like Hereward, permitted himself the more objective viewpoint of a mere in-law. He said:

"If one accepts the premise that the reminiscences of a journeyman tallow-chandler, with one cuff showing and the other not, provide suitable after-dinner entertainment, you were fascinating."

"Thank you," said Auguste. "Not too much interference?" he inquired, anxiously. "No passing motor-cars or aeroplanes? No diathermy herring-bones across the screen? Was the contrast all right? No laddering or double-image?"

"They helped a bit, of course," said Hereward, "but you would still have been quite good without them."

You would have thought, from listening to Auguste, that he had personally organized and produced, with his own commentary, a television broadcast of a Royal Wedding or the Olympic Games, whereas he had, in fact, been interviewed before the camera at Alexandra Palace, as one brief item among a number of others. In spite of a certain amount of opposition on his part I had contrived to be present in the studio at the time, and so was able to refute the ancient

maxim that the looker-in sees most of the game.

"Imagine yourselves," I invited them, "in a lofty chamber some seventy feet long by thirty wide. This is the studio. In one long wall are two great sliding-doors: in the middle of the other is a small staircase communicating with a mysterious apartment in which the Producer and sundry experts brood, through a plate-glass window, over the chaotic scene below."

"Chaotic?" said Alexandrina. "For Auguste's broadcast?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Screens, flats, bits of scenery, curtains, rostrums."

"Rostra." (Hereward, the pedant.)

"Rostra. Three or four cameras, some on rubber-tyred trolleys the size of a cart, some not, with fat cables snaking about all over the floor: the whole spectacle reminiscent of one of those newspaper pictures, taken from an upper window, of a successful fire, with hoses all over the street."

"That's it exactly," Auguste agreed excitedly. "And nearly as hot too, with all the lights. And in place of the big turntable ladder a long mobile boom, telescoping in and out, with a microphone dangling on the end. It follows you about most disconcertingly."

"Having imagined all this," I continued, "people the scene with a score of figures. The beautiful and charming lady seated at a small table is the Introducer. The two men in dinner jackets are the Announcer and the Interviewer. The former is asleep. The well-dressed figure leaning against the big panel in the corner, covered with wheels, is me."

"Why were you covered with wheels?" asked Gloriana.

"The others are technicians—cameramen, pushers, pullers, axletappers, firemen, hose-winders or what-not, and so on. Most of them wear headphones, which gives them a businesslike appearance, and a tall man waves his arms occasionally in the middle."

"The floor-walker," Auguste explained.

"The studio manager. Most of them sit about in attitudes of dejection bordering on despair. In the midst of all this, under the merciless glare of the lights, the camera and the Producer, stands Auguste, a cool—well, calm—figure nervously at his ease."

"Gosh!" said Alexandrina. "What an ordeal."

"One comes through it," said Auguste modestly.

"The dialogue was good, wasn't it?" I said. "You remember that bit when the Interviewer said, 'Well, Mr. Spoonhandle, you must have chandled a good bit of tallow in your time. I suppose you have had some interesting experiences?' and Auguste replied, 'Well, yes, but not so interesting as my grandfather in the old farthing-dip days'."

"Yes, yes," said Gloriana. "And the Interviewer said 'Tell me, was tallow used for rushlights, or were they really just rushes?' and Auguste had to admit he didn't know."

"That's the bit," Auguste agreed. "It was good, wasn't it? Did you laugh?"

"Laugh!" said Hereward. "We rolled off our chairs."

"Well, anyway," said Alexandrina, "we thought we heard somebody laugh in the studio."

"That was me," I confessed. "As I was being slid out silently through the sliding-doors by the studio manager I happened to catch the eye of a tough-looking man who was sitting on the steering-wheel of the Bell and Howell." ("That's a camera," I explained in brackets.) "His other eye was shut, but in the one I caught I thought I detected a momentary gleam of envy before it glazed over again."

"They tell me," said Hereward, "that television is inching its way out into the country, and that in the fullness of time the good people of Birmingham will be privileged to witness this sort of thing on their little screens."

"I believe so," I agreed.

"H'm," said Hereward.



"How about this one, madam?"

Odd, But My Dreams Are Good

MY dreams are good.

I can't account for this,
I can't explain.

They *should* be bad:

psycho-analysis

and novelists tell me

that my mind's a drain:

a libidinous sump of depth profound

an open sewer running underground,

the Real Me,

sluiced in primeval mud

exhaling marsh-gas

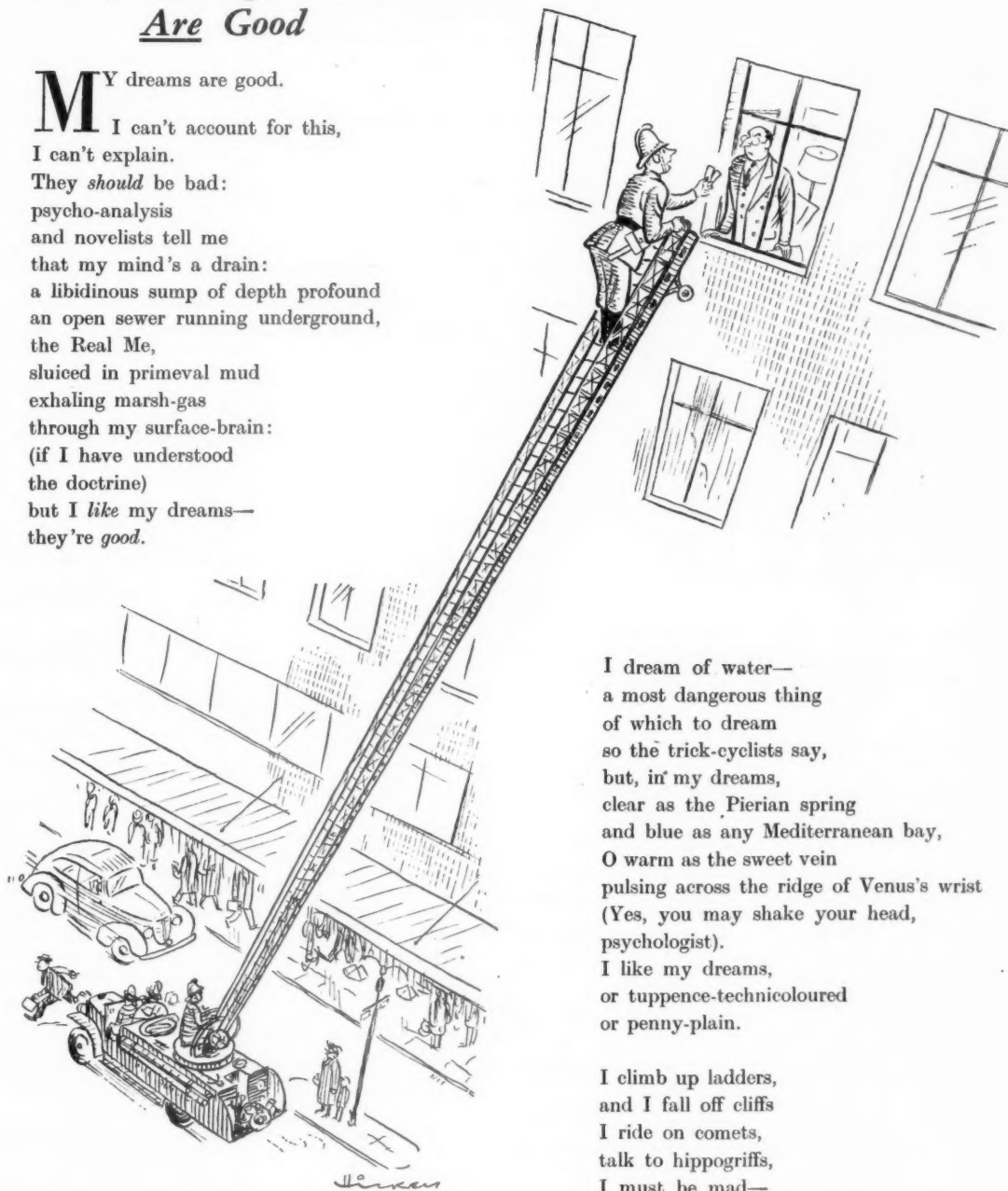
through my surface-brain:

(if I have understood

the doctrine)

but I *like* my dreams—

they're *good*.



"Would you care to buy a couple of tickets
for the Firemen's Ball?"

I dream of water—
a most dangerous thing
of which to dream
so the trick-cyclists say,
but, in' my dreams,
clear as the Pierian spring
and blue as any Mediterranean bay,
O warm as the sweet vein
pulsing across the ridge of Venus's wrist
(Yes, you may shake your head,
psychologist).
I like my dreams,
or tuppence-technicoloured
or penny-plain.

I climb up ladders,
and I fall off cliffs
I ride on comets,
talk to hippogriffs,
I must be mad—
For, if my dreams were bad,
then, I'd be sane?

R. C. SCRIVEN



"Memo: I want to see Jim Brown, Joe Beresford, Jack Bailey, John Binns, Jim Ball, Jack Barker, Jack Baddeley, Mary Stoddard, May Smith . . ."

The Importance of Lady Rosamund's Glove

An H. J. Dramatic Fragment
(The scene is a Puppet Show)

SHOWMAN. I pray you silence, gentles, of your courtesy.
CITIZEN. Most reasonably demanded; 'tis a sapient Showman.

CITIZEN'S MOTHER. Thou dost agree too much, weakling.
Thou hast paid thine entrance and may speak an thou wouldst.

CITIZEN. Peace, good Mum-Mum, prithee.

SHOWMAN. Our puppets will now portray for you the Melancholy Tragedy of Fair Rosamund, who was by King Henry beloved until discovered by his jealous Queen in her labyrinth hard by Woodstock; and there was bidden to choose 'twixt a bowl of poison and a dagger when she, opting for the poison, died. First shall you see the lovers, aye, and hear them speak the very lines set down for them by one of our modern wits.

(The PUPPET KING and his PUPPET LADY are disclosed dallying in a maze)

PUPPET KING. When it's Spring in Oxfordshire one can almost forget it's the Season in London.

PUPPET LADY. How inexpressibly tedious the Season must be if Nature is an improvement on it.

PUPPET KING. Oh, used with taste, Nature can be quite invaluable, I assure you. It provides a plain background for the arabesques of love.

PUPPET LADY. Define me love.

PUPPET KING. Homage without fealty. I must return. I leave my head in Woodstock and take my heart with me to Westminster. In England men can be governed only through the emotions; it is with the women one plays chess.

PUPPET LADY. Poor pawns, always taken *en passant*.

PUPPET KING. Grant me your glove. Placed under my pillow it may make me dream I have paid Buller's for it.

PUPPET LADY. To dream of our tradesmen is unlucky; it means we shall be meeting them at Lady Wippleby's next ball.

PUPPET KING. Modern Society consists of people who reveal their bank-balances and conceal their parents.

[Exit PUPPET KING. The curtains are drawn]

CITIZEN. A brave show! How natural-seeming they moved.

CITIZEN'S MOTHER. Jerky!

SHOWMAN. Now shall you see King Henry and Queen Eleanor in their Palace. Mark what befalls.

CITIZEN'S MOTHER. 'Tis little else there is to do. Beshrew thee, son, thou art a dull dog for a playgoing.

(A Royal Bedchamber is disclosed)

PUPPET QUEEN. You have returned from the country with an appearance of rude health which renders you quite unfit for fashionable Society. In town a dissipated pallor is as necessary to a man as a decently rouged cheek to a woman. No wife can survive hearing her husband called rubicund.

PUPPET KING. There is something tonic in the rural air. That explains why London is full of elder sons waiting to succeed to country houses.

PUPPET QUEEN. Longevity is the penalty paid for living in the provinces when it is so much simpler and more normal to live in Belgravia.

PUPPET KING. Lord Bohun is waiting for me. He has as many complaints as a medical dictionary. There is nothing more tedious than discussing people's troubles in their presence. [Exit]

PUPPET QUEEN. I assume the morbid attraction that Woodstock has for Henry is explained by this glove I can see inexpertly concealed beneath his pillow. It apparently belongs to a female of repellent taste and exaggerated physique; certainly not a rival who would do me credit. My engagement book is not so full that I cannot afford the time to pursue and destroy her.

[Exit purposefully. Curtain]

CITIZEN. A most honest queen, a jewel among women.

CITIZEN'S MOTHER. We have paid too much to be here.

SHOWMAN. Lastly, we show you the terrible revenge of the affronted Queen, a right awesome spectacle.

(Fair Rosamund is disclosed embowered solo. To her enter QUEEN ELEANOR)

PUPPET QUEEN. To receive in the middle of a labyrinth is more suitable to a spider than a hostess. Fortunately a small douceur to your butler procured the advice always to take the left-hand path, and saved me from having to solve its problems by myself. Brains in a woman are dowdy.

PUPPET LADY. I shall dismiss him to-morrow. The ease with which the lower classes are corrupted is fast

removing any distinction between them and their betters.

PUPPET QUEEN. To-morrow he will no doubt be picking up a dishonest living by giving lurid accounts of your demise to the cheaper organs of the press. Despite a congenital aversion from travelling with baggage, I have brought with me a bowl of poison and a dagger. Pray make your choice between them and save me from having to descend to removing you from my visiting list in person.

PUPPET LADY. Although you seem to presume on the privileges of a guest, it would be unseemly not to accede to your wishes. (*Drains the draught.*) A chill is extending from my ankles upwards.

PUPPET QUEEN. How like one of Lady Eastbourne's Musical Evenings.

PUPPET LADY. Poor Henry. (*Expires.*)

PUPPET QUEEN. I will order an inexpensive tombstone in Henry's name, inscribed with restrained praises of his old nurse. [*Exit. The curtains are drawn*]

CITIZEN. A most excellent good moral, a noble tragedy, encore!

CITIZEN'S MOTHER. Return us our groats; we have fared ill.

SHOWMAN. Godspeed you, sweet sir. Madam, your servant. Good night.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE

He to Him

BILL, from the day we "made our infant bow,"
We have matured from early twin-barbarians
Through giddiness to gravity, and now
Behold us, Bill, a pair of x-genarians.

In our green days our nearest would adopt
Vain methods to distinguish one from t'other
While we, for their confusion, calmly swopped
Identity, till each became his brother.

And one we were. Though at odd times there rose
Some trifling disagreement; once, in fact, I
Bore from the fratricidal strife a nose
Well-punched, and you a picturesquely blacked eye.

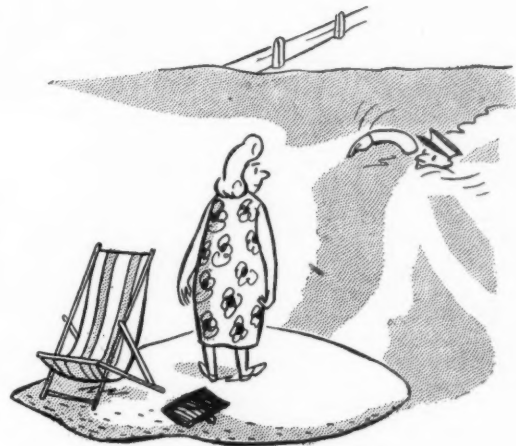
Be it not ours to mourn the joys of yore
Nor drop a tear on pleasures now denied us,
But ponder rather on the goodly Store
Of Wisdom time has tucked away inside us.

These younger—sad their mockery of the old,
Sad to reflect what glory we could show them,
With what triumphant glee we might unfold
Our Gift, our priceless Gift of Knowledge, blow them.

Enough of gloom. This day is yours and mine
And, as we are apart, accept this greeting,
And I shall raise this evening when I dine
A draft of bubbly to our next glad meeting.

One bond at least remains with us to-day,
"Two minds with one thought" gilds our separation.
Thanks for this noble pair of pipes, and may
The pair I've sent you meet your approbation.

DUM-DUM



W. Gardner



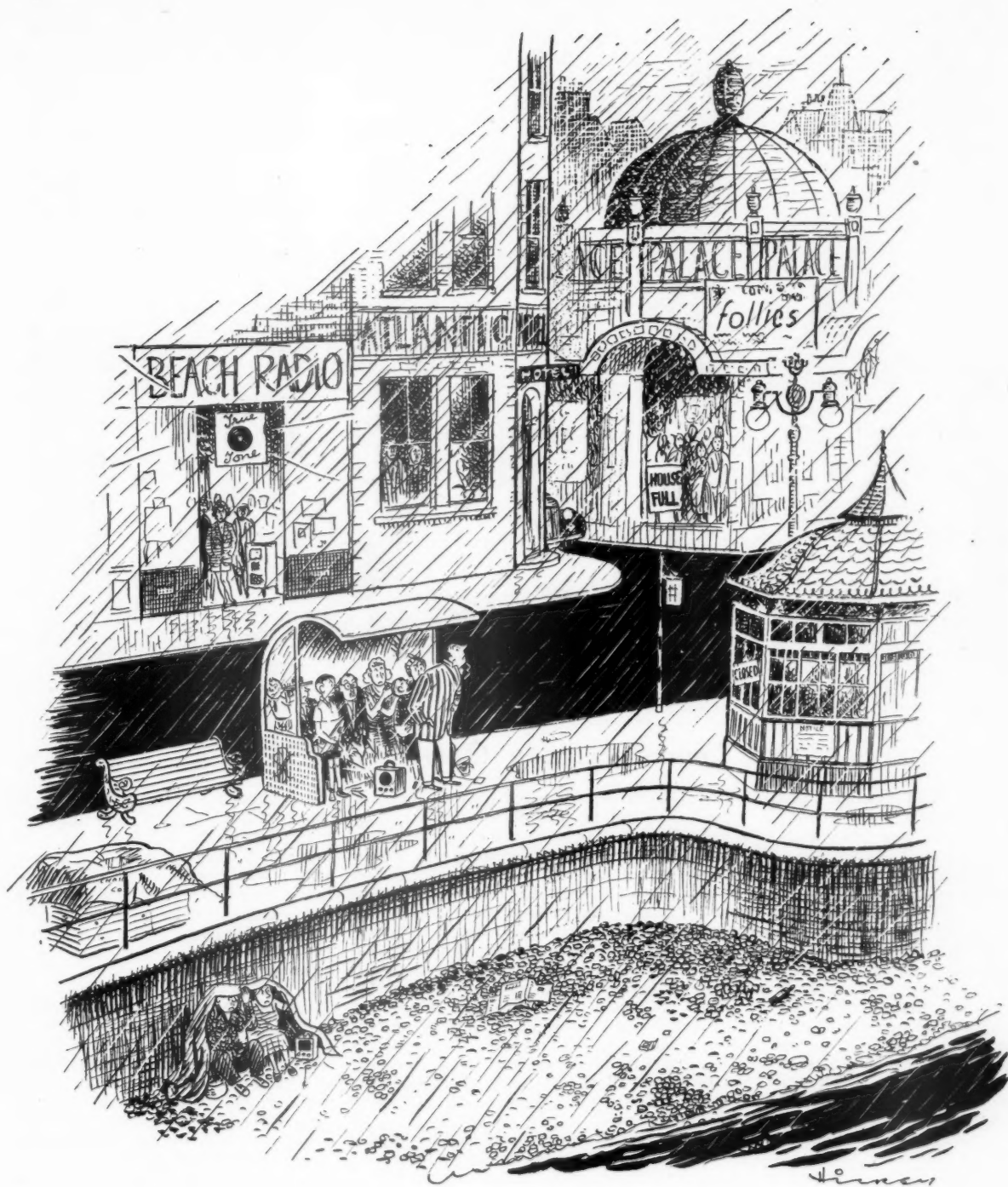
"Didn't you put the 'Radio Times' in?"

The Boater Bit

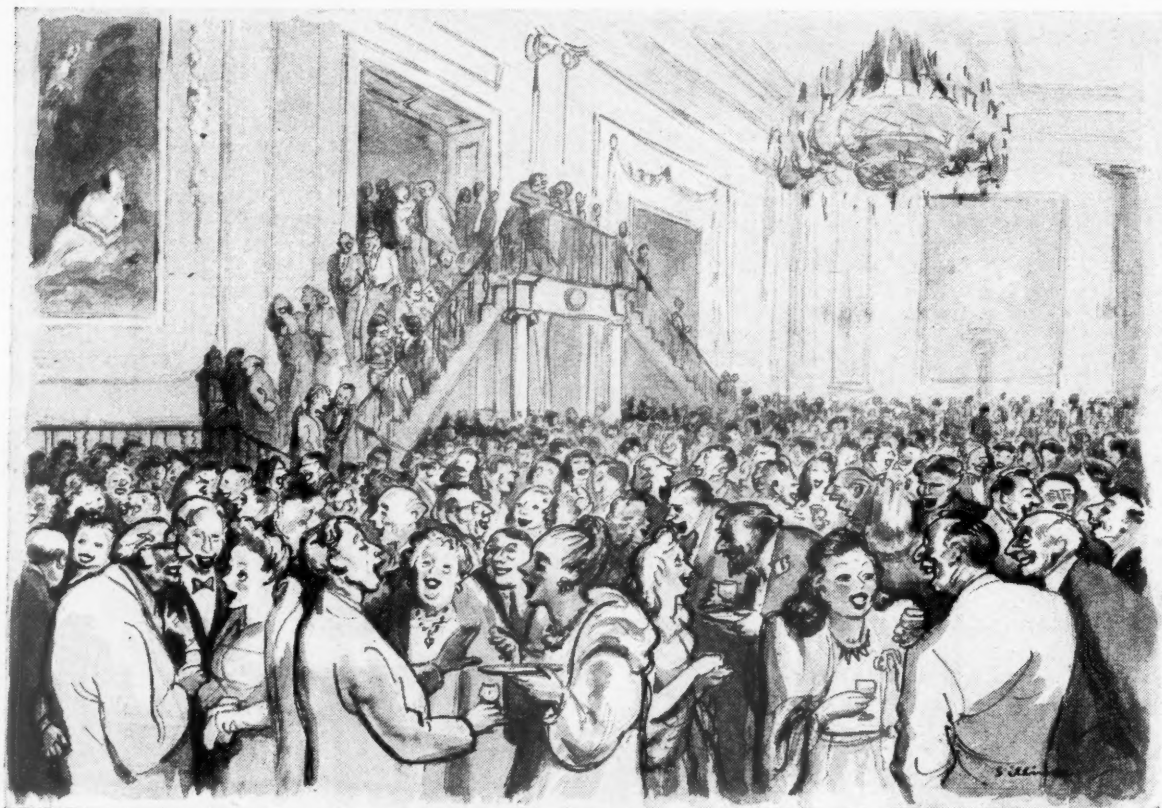
PEOPLE respond, I've lately noted,
In varied ways to being boated;
Take, for a start, our punt
Into whose fitful front
Persons are asked to congregate
In order to reduce the rate
At which the water whistles through the crack
We're meaning to have seen to at the back.
Now to the Browns (Phyllis and Fred
And lively little Leatherhead)
Manning our punt was an event
Marked by displays of widespread merriment;
Having one foot abaft
A rapidly receding craft
And one entangled in a tree
Seemed to these three
About the height
Of uninhibited delight.
The Bingleys, on the other hand
(Elsbeth and Ursula and Hildebrand),
During such goings-on, remained
Grimly unentertained.
Or take the things that happen in an eddy
Which one has entered not entirely ready
And the rash deeds
Of dudgeon one is driven to by weeds;
Take tea and take
The times one uppercuts the cake
Or undermines the scones
And all those ugly interludes with swans
Into whose nests
Punters unfailingly conduct their guests—

These were the sorts of homely ups and downs
That most endeared one to the Browns,
But with the Bingleys, just
Fanned the dull flames of their disgust.
Consider too the moments when one flits
Gnome-like along those narrow verdurous bits
Where wayward boughs and wisps of briar
rose
Rush out to nick the unsuspecting nose
Or worm
Their way into the startled perm—
At times like these the Browns, who wear
Their fibrous ferret-coloured hair,
Except for coal and crumbs,
Just as it comes,
Laughed fit
To split,
The Bingleys merely, at this stage,
Purpling with well-bred rage.
The answer seems to be that if you own
A great big glossy launch with lots of tone
And cushions and a radio to top
The pebbled river's penetrating plop,
The Bingleys and their breed, if warm,
Are probably about your form.
If you have nothing but the front,
However, of a part-worn punt
And long for laughter unalloyed
And youngsters who'll be overjoyed
If someone drowns,
Send for the Browns.

DANIEL PETTIWARD



"... All OTHER coastal areas, however, have recorded up to thirteen hours of uninterrupted sunshine."



Covent Garden Opera House

COVENT Garden Opera House, as everybody knows, is extraordinarily difficult to find, and even the most hardened cockney can be seen running of an evening, rather breathlessly, through the maze of cabbages and cauliflowers which guard its approaches in order to arrive on time; but once it is reached, and particularly once it is entered, it makes up in splendour what it lacks in situation. The present building is the third theatre on the site for, in common with most public edifices, Covent Garden has proved extremely attractive to fire.



The first fire was in 1808 after the theatre had housed for some seventy years the most varied entertainment imaginable, the protagonists ranging from Mrs. Siddons to

Grimaldi. In those days boxes cost five shillings and the audience took a lively and by no means always welcome interest in the proceedings, eggs, which were cheap and plentiful then, flying on to the stage like confetti. Indeed, English audiences were renowned throughout the world for their excruciatingly bad manners. Anyway, the theatre went up in smoke, but owing to a complete absence of buff forms it took under twelve months to rebuild. However, in 1856, after what sounds like a pretty dreary *bal masqué*, it caught fire again and the entire contents of the theatre, including some Hogarth pictures, were destroyed.

It took a little longer, but not much, to build the edifice we love so well and treat so cavalierly, the one we do not support, yet about which we scream to high heaven when anyone suggests pulling it down. During this last war Covent Garden was used as a dance hall, and presumably many thousands

of belligerents saw it when they were on leave, but to us who were not allowed inside its portals and would not have entered them even if someone had had the decency to invite us, there came an unforgettable evening, the evening when we saw once again those great red velvet curtains, the glowing boxes fringed with clusters of pink-shaded candles, and the elegant white-wigged footmen whose only duty, so it appears, is to point out where the middle of the curtain is to prima donnas taking their calls.

It was a wonderful evening, but nobody can say we graced it. In pre-war days when we went to *The Ring* to see Melchior in his brief leopard-skin pulling far too vehemently for our peace of mind on the string of the



blasebalg, and Frieda Leider hi-de-hoed with unforgettable artistry, and Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann intoxicated us with the beauty of their *Rosenkavalier*, we wore full evening dress.

Although this was a terrible bore—for when going to *The Ring* one had to start dressing practically after luncheon—the result was dazzling. The black afternoon dress, though neat, does little reverence to a great theatre, although, on the other hand, one is now more certain that every seat is taken by an opera or a ballet lover rather than because it is a fashionable parking-place for a fashionable anatomy. Our great brogued feet may tread callously on the carpet of the Crush Bar—where, incidentally, we are fed and watered in the *entr'actes* and no longer have to run yelping like foxhounds through the market to seek our food—but our hearts are in the right place. We do not come to be seen but to see. Our tiaras lie mouldering in pawnshops. We are purely spiritual.

But to resume. The present Opera House was built in 1857 by Edward Barry and it opened with *Les Huguenots* by Meyerbeer which, believe it or not, was still going strong at midnight. Nearly all operas in those days took an unconscionable time a-dying, as every aria was repeated, and often several times. Ladies were frequently being carried in a fainting condition from the auditorium (on Queen Victoria's visit their number grew so great they had to pass the corpses through the boxes) while Madame Patti once again hit the high notes, and it is evident that unmusical people who had to be seen at the opera or retire from society for ever endured much. Nowadays we confine our encores to more sensible limits, and it is largely out of good manners that we demand them at all. It is believed that visiting Italians feel ghastly if no one asks them to sing everything twice and so we ask them to sing *most* things twice—everything is going a bit far.

In 1888 Covent Garden settled down to an era of prosperity, its affairs resting in the capable hands of a young impresario called Augustus Harris, and it was then that Jean de Reszke, Caruso, Melba, Calvé, Albani and Lilli Lehmann—the latter, by the way, could sing over a hundred and sixty rôles—

were greeted by full houses. It was then that Wagner's operas were given their first chance and English operas, such as Ethel Smyth's *Wreckers* and Delius's *Village Romeo and Juliet*, their first hearing. Society flocked to the fold, and even if half of them disliked music very much indeed they were vouchsafed the most superb voices in the world to dislike. In the middle of it all, to add further glamour to those shining days the radiance of which spans the years to warm even those who cannot remember them, there burst upon a raptured London Diaghilev's Russian Ballet. For a number of seasons Nijinsky defeated the laws of gravity and Karsavina pirouetted, and round the doors of Covent Garden there beat a delirious mob, the first balletomanes of the century. It seems that this epoch, under the shadow of death, produced as a final offering to a world which would soon lose touch with beauty, the most beautiful, the most talented, the most artistic creatures since the Renaissance, and, although nobody, of course, who wasn't there

really believes that Nijinsky was *quite* as wonderful as all that, and heavens, those records of Caruso! well, they're all right, but not so madly special surely? yet the stars shone, in galaxies, as the earth spun relentlessly to its predestined doom.

During the 1914 war Covent Garden served the cause by becoming a furniture store, and when the war was over it seemed as if this offence to its dignity had done it irreparable harm. Like all of us who once we have taken off our diamonds find it hard to put them on again, preferring slacks and bedroom slippers, the Opera House gave up trying. Sir Thomas Beecham, prodding it with his stiletto-sharp baton, did his best to float it again on the stormy waters of opera, but the waters all but closed over its gilded head, and at one dreadful moment boxing matches were staged upon its ample bosom. However, so many people wrote so many letters to *The Times* about it that a syndicate was formed, and this lifted the old lady from the quicksands and set her, on slightly tottering knees, to stand in her appointed place, as the fairest flower in the Garden.

From 1924 to 1939 the Wagner seasons were musically remarkable if perhaps the direction and the scenic effects left

something to be desired. There was hardly ever a performance when something did not fall down or get stuck; swans, Rhinemaidens, anvils, all in their turn becoming interlocked or falling apart, and indeed on one occasion two gentlemen in cloth caps came and removed a window from Hans Sach's house and then, after a *kleine pause*, brought it back again. These misadventures added excitement to an evening's entertainment, but had the tendency to distract one from the matter in hand. Nowadays, nothing collapses. The Covent Garden Opera Trust, formed after the last war, can, in fact, be trusted implicitly in this respect, and in addition to employing excellent carpenters it has had the great good sense to employ artists to design the scenery. Not content with this obvious but by no means usual procedure, it has also shown considerable initiative by inviting the Sadler's Wells Ballet to take turn and turn about with English opera companies, interrupted on occasions by visiting firemen, both vocal and mobile. The standard of performance is fairly high and uniformly level, so that the English public knows what sort of dish will be served it on most days. Nothing, of course, is as beautiful as it used to be and there are no great people any more, the demand for these being negligible in this age of equality; but if the one thousand nine hundred and fifty-two seats at Covent Garden are filled by people who have never seen or heard the best, they have never seen or heard the worst either.

So here they are, milling about in the Crush Bar, some in full evening dress, some in semi-evening dress and some in tweeds. They know a lot about the mechanics of the arts they worship, about contrapuntal themes and *pas de chats*, *jetées* and recitatives, and as they drink their drinks or sit balancing plates on their knees on

that elegant staircase that leads to the First Circle, the liveliness of their interest sets the chandeliers tinkling and brings a warmth, if not a splendour, into the life of this magnificent old theatre.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM





"Admission is two shillings each for adults and double for children."

Are You Brow-Conscious?

IF we, in Britain, have not yet reached the Socialist goal of a classless society we are at least on the way. We have eliminated the pre-war Middle Class and substituted for it a nondescript group known fairly widely as the Floating Vote or the Morrison Dancers. We no longer speak of the Lower Classes but of those "gainfully employed": there is no longer a submerged tenth, only a subsidized four-fifths. Similarly, we now avoid the expression Upper Class

and take refuge in such euphemisms as "chain-smokers" and "telev viewers." Even the old terms of cultural stratigraphy—low-brow, middle-brow and high-brow—have lost a lot of their meaning since the war. Admittedly we have Light, Home and Third radio programmes, but their audiences are determined not so much by depth of brow as by the vagaries of radio reception. The plain fact of the matter is that the British are the most homogeneous people in the world

to-day, and a national check-up of brows would reveal only microscopic variations from the norm.

It is not so, however, in the last great capitalist stronghold, the United States. There, according to my team of correspondents, the three cultural groups are more firmly segregated than ever before. The low-brows are getting lower, the high-brows are growing loftier and the middle-brows are becoming more medial. The American press defines high-brows as people who are addicted to garlic, ballet, constructivist sculpture, Bach and Schoenberg (with nothing in between), starkly functional furniture, cheap red wine, tweeds (no hats), *avant-garde* literature, "little magazines" and criticism of criticism. The upper middle-brows, it says, go in for theatre, salads, regimental ties, Empire furniture and ornate lamp-stands, initialled silver cigarette-boxes, dry Martinis, Maillol, Beethoven and Brahms, solid non-fiction and Causes. The lower middle-brows like gadgets of all kinds, musical comedy, mass-produced salad-dressing, loud neck-ties and double-breasted suits, bridge, garden sculpture, book-club selections and whisky. The low-brows love beer, check sports-shirts, overstuffed furniture, Westerns, corned beef and cabbage, "comics," mantelpiece sculpture, jukebox music, dice and the Lodge.

Now there is clearly enough material in this simple analysis to keep the sociologists and advertising men happy and busy for years—particularly the ad-men—and it is a little hard on their British brothers that similar research has not yet been attempted in this country. It would be extremely useful. The days of the sellers' market are running out and British manufacturers may soon be driven to devote a major part of their productive activity to the satisfaction of home demand instead of to the pursuit of foreign currencies.

Here we can do no more than set the ball of research rolling. As we have already indicated, the British market for consumer goods is astonishingly free from class preference and prejudice; but it is not quite uniform, and the men of commerce have much to gain from an inquiry into the new social set-up. The following notes of an exploratory meeting held recently in the smoke-room (upper middle-class) of a Fleet Street tavern should demonstrate the difficulties facing all researchers in this interesting field.

Mr. Tuckett. Frankly I've always divided the world into people who like lino and those who don't. Does that help?

Mr. Wilding. Let's start with

people's front doors. The low-brows have knockers, the lower middle-brows have chimes, the upper middle-brows have bells that don't ring, and the high-brows have scribbled notices saying, "Gone to the Bartok—key under mat."

Miss Dunstable. Except, of course, that the low-brows always seem to have their doors open, with a snooper on the doorstep.

Mr. Timms. Clothes tell us absolutely nothing. Are we agreed?

Mr. Wilding. Yes, I think so. People no longer buy clothes to express themselves: their one sartorial aim is to avoid being mistaken for one of the despised groups—the rich (so nothing too sloppy or careless), the spivs (so nothing too smart or "dressy"), the bureaucrats (so nothing too formal or shabby) and so on. Women are different though: they would all dress exactly alike if they were all intelligent enough to know what men like.

Mr. Timms. Tobacco might give us a clue. I've noticed that the low-brows smoke anything, the middle-brows pipes—exclusively—and the high-brows nothing but other people's cigarettes.

Mr. Tuckett. Fair enough. But what about cigars?

Mr. Timms. Not enough data, and quite unstratified—from bookmakers to Winston. Same with snuff.

Miss Sykes. How about television? At the moment it's more or less a middle-brow monopoly, isn't it? High-brows hate gadgets on principle, while low-brows don't believe that real entertainment is obtainable unless you go out and queue for it. The middle-brows, however, take to television with the enthusiasm of a secret drinker.

Mr. Wilding. Wouldn't it be better if we started with ourselves. I mean, it would at least be something to go on.

Mr. Tuckett. We're all hopelessly upper middle-brow, surely.

Mr. Timms. I'm no middle-brow; I like lino.

Miss Sykes. My chimes pin me down as lower middle-brow.

Mr. Wilding. And if anybody's got a cigarette you can put me down as a high-brow . . .

All this, remember, is only a start. Now it's up to the real researchers.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"Todd told police he left the wallet in his trousers at the foot of the bed. When he awoke, he said, they had been distributed and the money was gone."—*Canadian paper*
What is this Todd—man or centipede?

The Tourist's Farewell to Hawaii

ALOHA, good-bye,
You principal towns and cities of Hawaii,
Which are Hilo (greater and lesser) and Honolulu,
Keaau, Kekaha, Lanai, Wailuku,
Puunene, Lahaina, Waipahu,
Waialua, Ewa, Lihue, Paia,
Wahiawa, Kapaa, Aiea,
And (so help me) Sprecklesville.

Ah, but I can hear them still,
In tropic night, those ukuleles on the hill,
And the voices that across the moonlit waters thrill,
Singing "Down in ma dear ole Sprecklesville.
Peter Piper picked a peck of pineapples without speckles
Down in good ole Sprecklesville.
That's where ma sweetie sits a-ripening in the sun,
Eating fruit for breakfast till noon or one,
And where ma tropic beauty,
Ma little tutti-frutti,
Is growing such a harvest of attractive freckles,
Down in sweet ole Sprecklesville.
Sweeter, sweeter far than the cakes of Eccles,
Peaceful as a meeting where there's no man heckles,
Where nature breeds no Mr. Hyde but just brown Jekylls,
That's ma little Sprecklesville."
Aloha,
Good ole little Sprecklesville.



"I'm not ordering you to do anything, Miss Allen;
I'm only asking if you think it's fair to unsettle
the men."

TUESDAY, June 21st.—

However impressive it may appear when Members of Parliament are pictured in the public Press hurrying hot-foot to the House of Commons after a recess, your scribe is convinced (from years of observation) that they are no more eager to return to work than are most mortals.

So it was that to-day—and a lovely day at that—Members travelled like nationalized snails to their tasks at the end of the Whitsun recess. But justice compels your scribe to add that, once they had brought themselves to accept the inevitable, Members put up a fair show of enthusiasm, and were soon deep in their work.

And, ere long, there was laughter about the House once more and all the lively cut-and-thrust which Mr. Speaker has urged is the spice of Parliamentary life.

To Mr. QUINTIN HOGG fell the honour of scoring one of those rare, neat and apt pieces of wit which reduce the whole House to helpless laughter, Party forgotten.

Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, the Minister for War, was the victim—and he took it with good humour, as, indeed, it was given. There were questions about an announcement that Mr. S. was to be given a salute of seventeen guns when he visited the Army in Scotland. The Secretary of State explained that that courtesy had at one time been given to holders of his office, but that it had been out of use for forty years. The statement that it was to be given to him was an official error.

Then, all innocent-like, Mr. HOGG rose, pulled his spectacles to the end of his nose, and asked, in his best, blandest, and most disarming forensic style: "Would not the appropriate salute for the Secretary of State be—two hoots?"

Mr. SHINWELL laughed as loudly as any—which was saying a good deal. Those "hoots" of his still echo along the political corridors.

As if to prove that their hearts were in the Highlands (or somewhere) Members had a crisp little row with the Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr. LEWIS SILKIN, about—of all things—trees. Apparently, somewhere down Somerset way, someone (as Mr. VICTOR COLLINS complained) is cutting down hardwood trees and planting conifers. Mr. SILKIN was incautious enough to say that the question of the respective merits of conifers and hardwood was a "very debatable one."

Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, June 21st.—House of Commons: End of the Hols. Hols are Debated

Wednesday, June 22nd.—House of Lords: Return of a Landmark

House of Commons: Bevin Day

Thursday, June 23rd.—House of Lords: Socialist Loss

House of Commons: A Tired Day

A tornado promptly broke loose, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN (who got a special cheer from the most unexpected quarters) snapped with stern severity that *beeches* and *oaks* were the glory of the countryside and could never be replaced by *conifers*.

Shaken and abashed, the Minister said he was "very conscious" that there should be a fair balance between hard and soft woods, and, without enthusiasm, the matter was left there. The little matter of the roses in the

yesterday . . ." But Mr. Speaker stopped the reminiscence, to the dismay of Mr. SHURMER, who clearly wanted to explain a *little* further.

The House had a good end-of-hols roar over that too, Mr. SHURMER dissenting.

Then the debate began, the subject being—holidays. Mr. HERBERT BUTCHER opened it with an eloquent plea for anything that would attract tourists to the country, for they formed a most important part of the drive for prosperity. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. HAROLD WILSON, with a tan that proved that somewhere or other was "so bracing," assured the House that quite a lot of people were coming to Britain and that everything possible was being done to make them welcome, comfortable, and interested.

Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, whose services could have been of considerable value in this connection, was not to be seen.

The Conservative Front bench played a little private and confidential game of its own against the Government Front bench. There have been complaints recently that Scottish Ministers have failed to attend when affairs concerning that country are under debate. So the Scottish Ministers arranged to be there in relays—but there came a time when, for a few moments, no Scottish Minister adorned the bench. Mr. MALCOLM McCORQUODALE, ever alert, promptly rose from the Opposition Front bench and complained that there was no Scottish Minister present, thus scoring a run, wicket, goal, hole (or whatever it was) for his side. A moment later a blushing Minister scurried in—but he had already been "caught out."



A. S. L.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

87. Mr. Marquand (Cardiff, East)

Temple Gardens a few centuries ago seemed to lose some of its ferocity by comparison.

Mr. MORRISON announced that Lord BEVERIDGE was to take the place of Mr. (now Lord) RADCLIFFE as chairman of the committee of inquiry into British broadcasting. He added that, after a first get-together, the Committee would adjourn until the autumn—an announcement which brought subdued and envy-laden cheers from the House.

Lord WINTERTON then offered a "concise and contrite" personal apology because he had said there had been "murder" in a Birmingham mental hospital—a statement not supported at the coroner's inquest.

Mr. SHURMER rose and said: "I and a number of my colleagues from Birmingham were at this mental hospital

WEDNESDAY, June 22nd.—There was a happy family atmosphere about the House of Lords to-day. Lord DONOUGHMORE (in the absence of the Lord Chancellor, who was away collecting a new University degree) appeared on the Woolsack in his scarlet robe—a circumstance unusual enough to attract attention.

Then, from the direction of the door, came a colourful procession of scarlet-robed Lords and uniformed officials, and all was clear. It was the formal introduction, as a Peer, of Sir HENRY ("JACK") BADELEY, who, but a few weeks ago, sat wigged-and-gowned at the Table as Clerk of the Parliaments. Sir HENRY had become, in the King's Birthday honours list, Lord BADELEY



"So just keep on going from castle to castle until you find my husband, Richard Cœur de Lion, or come to the end of your fifty pounds."

OF BADELEY, and very impressive he looked as he went through the age-old ceremony of introduction.

The Commons were having a Bevin Session, as the weekly appearance of Mr. ERNEST BEVIN at Question-time is called. Fresh back from an unexpectedly successful meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, Mr. BEVIN was in great form, and his asides, delivered in a sort of stentorian whisper, kept the House lively and cheerful.

When a number of questions had been called and their would-be askers failed to respond, Mr. B. got up and said: "This absenteeism is terrible!" A little later someone asked for "special steps" to be taken about something, and Mr. B. retorted devastatingly: "How can I take special steps when I have got to tell *you* everything I am doing?" And when Mr. DICK STOKES was making some reverberating comments as the Minister was replying to another question, he stopped and rapped: "When *you* give up, *I* will read the answer!"

Mr. BEVIN rarely bothers about the formality of addressing the Chair, but

"*you*" is never taken by Mr. Speaker as a personal reference to himself, so all was well.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, Air Minister, gained loud cheers by undertaking to re-examine a proposal to set up a new R.A.F. bombing-range near the famous swannery at Frampton Sands. Mr. HENDERSON added a little wistfully that "ten out of ten" places he wanted to take as bombing sites found unanswerable objections to his plans.

For the record: Mr. WILLIE GAL-LACHER, Communist, announced with an air of conviction, that caning "does no good," adding, as a final clinching argument and proof, that he himself had been caned very often as a boy. The House looked suitably impressed.

The Budget proposals were then debated at length. Teetotal Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS listened with purely financial interest to a lengthy discussion on his "penny-off-the-pint" proposals.

Sir THOMAS MOORE advanced the bright idea that, since the de-rationing of sweets (on the eve of the poll) had won the South Hammersmith by-election, rationing should be re-imposed now—ready for another lifting on the

eve of the next by-election. The Government seemed grateful for the suggestion.

THURSDAY, June 23rd.—At 2.30 this morning the Commons agreed to the Chancellor's plans to increase the tax on football pools from 20 to 30 per cent. And, soon afterwards, weary Members went home.

Consequently, there was a dejected air about the House this afternoon, which could not have been explained by the list of business Mr. MORRISON announced for consideration next week—or even by the prospect of another late night to-night.

But it might have been caused (on the Government side, at least) by the dramatic action of Lord MILVERTON, in the House of Lords, when he announced his resignation from the Labour Party as a protest against the Iron and Steel Bill and what he called "selling the advantages of slavery to a people who were once free." Having thrown his bomb-shell, he strode across the floor and reinforced the Liberals.

The small Labour group sat silent. The rest of the House did not.



"Please, sir, it's about my pension."

Memory Cycle

THERE was a marked lack of ebullience in the bearing of the scrap man as he regarded the bicycle I had tugged from the undergrowth in the shed. I could not blame him, for he was clearly a man unduly influenced by the superficial.

I admit that the bicycle did not present the picture of glisten and gloss it might have done. The repulsiveness of its pillar was enhanced by the absence of a saddle. Pressure of years had cracked the tyres. What spokes remained were as untaut as the strings

of a bridgeless banjulele. Even stationary, the front wheel had an obvious buckle. Where enamel had gone, rust had squatted. Only the spiral markings of long-lost insulating tape suggested that the handlebar had once had grips.

Still, it was a shock to hear him say "Three and six." I thought I had acquired a certain phlegmatic blandness since the nationalization of electricity, but this insulting offer shook me to the metatarsals. The price of a packet of cigarettes or a couple of drinks was what this patronizing merchant was

offering me for something which hundreds of times had carried me beyond the tyranny of brick to where horses were hung on skylines, and larks sang, and families of weasels tumbled in the sun.

I spoke with what I intended him to construe as ominous restraint. "This machine is something more than a collection of metal and rubber. It is a storehouse of memories. I can see, for instance, a cliff-top in Cornwall with the postman's tyres making guide lines in the grass and clusters of froth winging in from the Atlantic on a wind that goes singing through the spokes."

"Got the top of the bell?" he asked, flicking the trigger.

I was not going to be diverted from my theme, especially as a host of images jostled to be clothed in words. "I can see a thrush paddling in a moss-grown trough on the road up to Beattock. I can see white sails sweeping majestic through cornfields in the Broads. From a hill-top above Cappelquin I can see the white roads of Clogheen and a chequered valley floor melting into haze. I can see a narrow ribbon of road winding down Glen Docherty to the lovely isles of Loch Maree."

By now he had stopped fingering the trigger and was thoughtfully picking at flakes of enamel. Quickly I followed up my advantage. "I can see a wash of bluebells in a Surrey wood; a dragonfly in a bosky sun-trap in the New Forest; a wafer moon at noon above the Cotswolds; telegraph poles marching over the moors to Bridlington; a very small boy on a very tall horse at Gatehouse of Fleet; a racing shell shooting a bridge at Shrewsbury; a rain curtain on the moor above Dunster; crawling bees in an observation hive near Garstang; the mass of Lincoln Cathedral seen for unrelenting miles in a —"

"Okay," he interrupted, slapping a hand on the cross-bar. "Three and nine."

I took the money, and he went down the path with the bicycle. He flung it on to his lorry and paused as he was climbing into the cabin. "I would have made it four bob," he shouted, "if you hadn't mentioned Glen Docherty. I had eighteen months on a gun-site at Poolewe. Cool!"

o o

Pimpernel Fox

"They dared invade forbidden zones . . . in search of the man of mystery . . . kidnapped by fanatic underground killers! Released by 20th Century-Fox."

Advt. in South African paper

At the Play

Her Excellency (HIPPODROME)—*Othello* (SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)

IT is something novel for a musical comedy to steal the thunder of the headlines. Not that *Her Excellency* bears very closely on the current Battle of the Beeves in South America, but just closely enough to give a special flavour; and who knows how many extra ounces might not appear on our plates if Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE could really be let loose on the obstinate hidalgos? For of course she is irresistible.

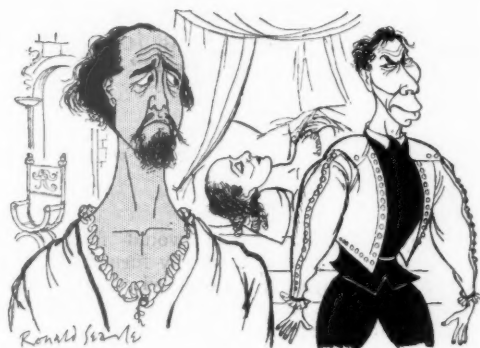
A story silly in itself but dipping frequently into memory and fancy gives her some opportunities splendidly taken. I doubt if she has ever been funnier than in her mime of a woman suffering the excitement and the humiliation of her first flight. So graphically, so poignantly does Miss COURTNEIDGE give her account of this ordeal that long before she has landed we have automatically reached out for a paper bag. As a matador she is also memorable, getting her banderillas stuck in the stage but striking such terror into the bull that, like Ferdinand, he kneels down and begs for mercy. She is at her most charming in the little informal scenes which arise suddenly from nowhere: carrying a table-lamp for a parasol, and dragging a handbag for a pekinese, she takes us in a moment to the Bois de Boulogne, with Mr. THORLEY WALTERS



[*Her Excellency*]

Down Argentina Way
Her Excellency Lady Frances Maxwell—
MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE

in pince-nez hot in pursuit, and in another moment she is back in May Week at the Trinity Ball, feeding the swans from a sofa suddenly become a punt. But perhaps her neatest burlesque is that—part song, part recitation—in



whom ours falls in love) are a useful pair. Lyrics and music are middling.

The *Othello* at Stratford is basically the same as last year. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE's performance being so rewarding that to see it a second time is to discover additional glories. The highest flights of passion may be lacking, but superb authority matches humanity and tenderness in a way that has not been equalled by any other actor of our time. Miss DIANA WYNWARD remains a lovely and compelling *Desdemona*. The only important change is that Mr. JOHN SLATER has taken Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE's place as *Iago*, and where Mr. QUAYLE broke with tradition with what I called "a streak of yokelery," Mr. SLATER goes one further by giving the villain the pert insolence of a barrow-boy. This makes *Iago*, to my mind, a less interesting character,

but on the whole Mr. SLATER gets away with it. Mr. JOSEPH CARL's sets and Miss AUDREY CRUDDAS's dresses are even better than one remembered, and the production, by Mr. TEARLE, has a calculated simplicity from which frillier producers could learn much.

Warmly as I incline to the MARK BROTHERS, on the stage HARPO and CHICO are disappointing. Their turn, lasting nearly an hour, has grand moments, but though HARPO distils magic from his harp and I could watch indefinitely CHICO's forefinger dictating to the piano, the fun is very hit-and-miss and so is CHICO's patter. Some of the sublime lunacy is there, however, and when all the curtains in the theatre fall on their heads only GROUCHO is missing.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

LOVE IN ALBANIA—Lyric, Hammersmith—Linklater's lively satire.

THE MALE ANIMAL—New—Riotous Thurber.

THE HEIRESS—Haymarket—From Henry James's story, very well staged.

BLACK CHIFFON—Westminster—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Vaudeville—Rattigan's first comedy, still funny.

*THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—Apollo—Wild school farce.

(*Suitable for young people)

which, a nostalgic ambassador, she imagines the joys of an English Sunday morning, wonderfully picturing for us the whole business from the awakening of Mum and Dad and their ritual bickering about the early cup of tea and who shall have first peep at the murder-page. She does it better than the material deserves, with an occasional stabbing catch of pathos, but—a curious fault in such an artist and in a show produced by Mr. JACK HULBERT—it goes on far too long, until even the loyal gallery grows restive. And in this insensitivity her song is not alone, for Mr. WALTERS as our Beef-hunting Attaché has quite a pleasant one, calling up the ladies of his past, that seriously outlasts its merits. Severe pruning is needed at a number of points.

This uncertainty of judgment and the fact that Miss COURTNEIDGE, who is obliged to work too hard, has no out-and-out-comedian to help her over some very mild stretches, are the drawbacks of a show which is put on with taste, exceptionally well lit, and more entertaining than most of its kind. Mr. WALTERS has only a small singing voice, but makes up for it by a light and graceful humour which is engaging; and Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR as the Meat-king and Mr. PATRICK BARR as the American Ambassador (with

Cousin Adeline

WE could all hear Cousin Adeline, bogged down in time gone by, grunt as she trimmed the newspaper off the fish: "Eheu! A sad day for luncheon! No parlour-maid? No rice pudding?" The children quickly recognized the interjection—a favourite in tight corners with a set of empire-building characters dressed in helmets, breastplates and old-look skirts, or sometimes, for relaxing, in togas and laurel wreaths, from their comic, but agreed that they did not know what a parlourmaid was, or luncheon, or rice pudding. They then left the kitchen before Cousin Adeline could tell them. But she, faced with a lot of little red-rimmed eyes, only told us that the fishmonger hadn't cleaned the fish. Readers interested in politics may like to know how I blocked her retreat. I showed her among the wrappings some easy instructions for the housewife, printed in an old newspaper, by the Minister of Food.

All this, I must admit, has a narrow middle-aged and middle-class appeal; happily, as I for one think, and in spite of brutal batterings, you can still find pockets of us. In, say, about fifteen years' time we may be dug up on this page by historical research workers, and perhaps Cousin Adeline had her mind on these when she came, after cutting off the heads, to a memory fast fading from our national consciousness—that is, of people seated at a dinner table not concentrating on the food at all, but churning their brains round and round instead to think of something intelligent to say. The kind of situation which Civil Service examiners try to bring about artificially at special week-end parties, to frighten candidates for the upper grades.

The children looked in again, for money for ice-cream cones. Cousin Adeline, hooking out some difficult bits with a fork, began at once on a story of how, when she was about ten and her grandmother had died, she was allowed to choose a keepsake from her house. "Indeed, it was quite a puzzle," Cousin Adeline went on, "to decide on just *what*," and at first she could only recollect the piano: an upright, with fancy shaped holes cut into the mahogany front in whorls and curls, for ornament, and lined with pleated green silk. This idea was brushed aside as an impertinence. Can you wonder, muttered Cousin Adeline distastefully, when you consider the tigerish give-and-take there must have been over



"I mind the time . . ."

any belongings which would fetch ready cash in that modestly furnished if extravagantly decorated house, amongst so many uncles on half-pay and all those demented spinster aunts? She stopped for a breath.

"Next," she started, "I asked for the bumble-puppy set. But mother said that would do nicely for the gardener's baby." Father advised her to take a knick-knack, because, he said, the better-off relations might find a practical choice unfeeling. How about an antique perfume dispenser, or one of those fragile Japanese tea-cups, from among the countless pretty treasures in the drawing-room spread out on all the tables? Or the slice of cedarwood which Uncle Septimus had brought back from the Holy Land, inscribed in Hebrew?

No doubt even very young readers understand that they have been put right back in time amongst uninhibited parents, and can imagine Cousin Adeline's soon ordering her brusquely to look sharp and make up her mind. Another easy thing to imagine is the quick conversational push which kept her away from the little trinkets on the silver table. Perhaps she might have fallen back on a box of tropical butterflies, or the *Fairchild Family*, or even Uncle Septimus's pressed Alpine plant collection, but when she looked straight across as far as the drawing-room wallpaper (a satin stripe) she could pick out her final choice at once, under a domed glass case in front of the bell-pull. I think hardly anyone will guess that this was an alabaster model of the Taj Mahal.

Reassured by the appearance of this landmark from their comic, the children

probably looked forward now to some elephants, or a massacre, or a boy Rajah in a jewelled turban, so determined to listen and sat down on the washing-machine. "We were living in furnished rooms at the time," Cousin Adeline resumed, coming in a minute to the boil, "and mother put my new prize into store." This made the children snort with pity. I said toughly that I knew just how a mother's heart must have felt. You could scarcely hear Cousin Adeline's answer, for she had moved over to scale the herrings under the tap, and splashed a good deal—something about bills for storage ever since. You could see very plainly that she gave me an old-fashioned look.

Cousin Adeline went off in a frenzy of reminiscence and Dominion sherry on Sunday night, back to Bloomsbury and her erudite work rendering down Latin prose for export to students in East Africa—stuffed without pity into the corridor of the last train. I once heard her described as a fortress of good manners, and certainly when she goes away you can count on a punctual letter full of kindly jokes about the other passengers, with some compliments and emergency coupons skilfully packed into the last paragraph. When none came by Thursday I was still sure she hadn't forgotten. Perhaps she was busy with one of her round-about schemes for doing a friend a good turn. I should hear, all in good time.

I did. This morning there came a friendly postcard from the railway station, half hand-done, half print. A wooden crate, it says, has arrived at the goods—labelled "Valuable Glass and Alabaster. With love from Cousin Adeline," and addressed to Master and Miss.

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Hi-De-Homicide

THE detective novel is in a groove; but some things ought to be in grooves anyway. As the detective novel's aim is fixed, any fundamental change produces something that is not a detective novel at all. Like a farce or a Punch and Judy show it can attain novelty only in detail. Attempts to pass off an ordinary novel of some fashionable type by twisting the plot at the end and claiming that this unpredictability makes it a detective novel always fail, as they deserve.

Some writers try to improve the ranking of the whodunit by talking about "The Aesthetic of the Detective Novel"; but they generally end by talking about the novel proper, and one is left with the feeling that if one wants to be purged with pity and terror or to see one's time in a mirror it is simpler and more satisfactory to read novels which can concentrate on these higher aims. The only aesthetic pleasure to be expected of the whodunit comes from the enjoyment of a small thing perfectly done: it is the same kind of pleasure as one gets from Indian juggling or light verse.

All one can lay down as a general principle is that every page of a detective novel should be enjoyable and that the plot as a whole should not leave an aftertaste of disappointment. Many of the specialists in plot construction do not fulfil the first condition. The ingenuity of the basic idea, the dovetailing of the clues may seem admirable enough when one has reached the explanation, but reaching it has been a grim, dull plod. On the other hand, the specialists in amusing dialogue and freshness of characterization tend to produce a series of detached delights, like a revue, and their plots are often perfunctory and unintelligible.

Mr. Cyril Hare's *When the Wind Blows* is an example of the narrative weakness of the plotsters. Like Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, he is impatient of anything except contrivance. The plot is fairly ingenious, though it is a number of bright ideas rather than a pattern, but the orchestral background, characterization and dialogue are amateurish, an odd falling-off from his earlier books.

Mr. Michael Innes, after beginning as a brilliant contriver of puzzles, swung over to the other camp. His plots got wilder and wilder and he relied increasingly on a good initial situation, a profusion of donnish table-talk, often of genuine brilliance, and a talent for improvising grotesque humours. Usually his novels tailed off as each chapter departed farther from reality. His new book, *The Journeying Boy*, is his best for some time. He uses a straightforward thriller plot of a comfortable mediocrity which allows him to concentrate on the things he does well; his story moves all the time and is continuously entertaining. His erudition is less ostentatious, the psychology of his characters more subtle, and now that his imagination is better disciplined its remarkable quality is more apparent. Sooner or later he will produce a Gothick novel that will live.

In the short detective story the plot must be supreme, and the most successful are those in which some common plot is given a surprise twist. The new Ellery Queen anthology *To the Queen's Taste* has a selection of very varied merit, but it is well worth examination; the introduction and notes are interesting Americana. It includes Mr. Perelman's magnificent "Farewell, My Lovely Appetiser," which is everything that a burlesque should be; it gives the essence of Raymond Chandler in seven pages.

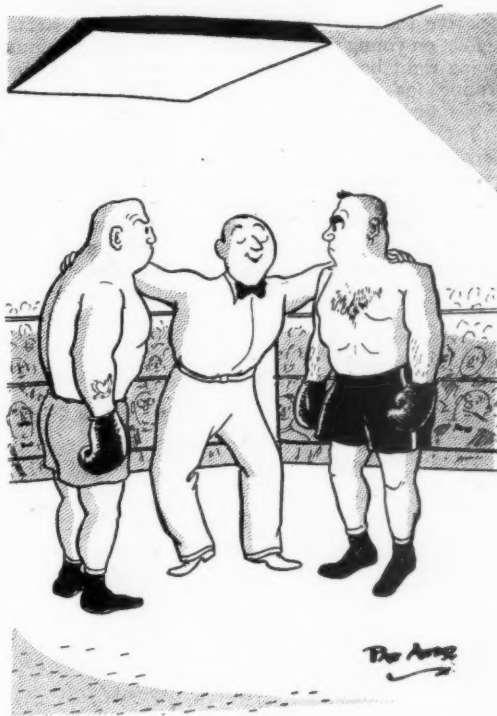
A very good English adaptation of the Raymond Chandler technique is David Lockwood's *Death Has Scarlet Candles*. I still have not the vaguest idea what it was all about, but I thoroughly enjoyed reading every page of its fast,

inventive narrative and it suspended my disbelief to the end. Somehow, the wildness of the plot did not leave me with a feeling of flatness when the truth was revealed, perhaps because the revelation was itself so mysterious: I am still getting pleasure from trying to work it out. Mr. Lockwood is a newcomer of great promise; he should check his police procedure before his next book.

Miss Nancy Spain's *Death Goes on Skis* concentrates on background. It has rather a weak plot with insufficient complication for the length of the book, and the incidentals do not quite compensate for this poverty of structure. Her account of winter sports in a semi-fashionable Central-European resort is entertaining, though not quite as entertaining to read as it obviously was to write. Too many of the jokes are private and the sophistication is rather outmodedly modish. It is dangerous for a novelist to fall in love with a set, who do not always seem quite so wonderful as their creator thinks. However, there are some pleasant comic ideas, some new types and a certain air.

On the whole, Mr. Lockwood is the most successful of these writers because he never forgets that the reader begins at the beginning and is present all through the book. Like the director of a successful film, he makes each "shot" capable of standing on its own feet—and he does realize that the detective novel is a form of fun.

R. G. G. PRICE



"And each time, chaps, just ask yourself this question—'Is it fair, is it kind, is it necessary?'"

Laughing Cavalier

Miss H. W. Chapman makes no attempt to whitewash a hero in her brilliant biography of the second Duke of Buckingham—*Great Villiers*. Rather, it may be said, she colour-washes an eccentric. The man who, addressing the House of Commons, could describe Charles II and his brother as "a brace of lobsters" without forfeiting royal favour was possessed all his life with a zest for repartee that pitched him headlong into trouble and as often as not laughed him out of it again. He wrote a comedy that is still sometimes remembered, was a genuine power in European politics and a born soldier, and Miss Chapman has no difficulty in proving his consistent if often disrespectful loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts. On the other hand he dissipated a great fortune and in an insanitary epoch he held no brief for morality. He was at his best as a champion of religious freedom, while his worst offence in the eyes of his contemporaries was an incredible habit of conversing with common people as if they were human beings. He comes very much to life in these pages.

C. C. P.

Essential to Great Acting

"Acting," says Mr. W. A. Darlington in *The Actor and His Audience*, "does not exist at all until it finds an audience of some kind; great acting cannot exist at all until it finds an audience of the right kind." It is extremely interesting to have these undoubted truths re-examined by so good a critic. In our modern theatre the perfect proof of his thesis can be found in the Old Vic of the 'twenties and 'thirties, where an audience infinitely more critical and appreciative than any in the West End had a strikingly tonic effect on young actors and actresses soon to be famous; and going right back he makes it clear that Burbage was performing (as Shakespeare was writing) for playgoers whose reactions, mental as well as emotional, were a vital part of the Elizabethan glories. Among the ups and downs of the four centuries between came the peaks of Betterton, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean and Irving, and Mr. Darlington's well-documented survey of their relationships with the audiences of their times makes a significant commentary on the development of English acting. This expert and yet entertaining book should find many readers, and will be a "must" for all dramatic students.

E. O. D. K.



"... AND she never seems to be short of a toad or two."

Parlour-Piece

It is undoubtedly true that Jane Austen "never goes out of the Parlour." It is equally true that the Regency parlour, inhabited by such capable, accomplished and vivacious Englishwomen as *Parson Austen's Daughter*, produced, fostered and reflected the abounding life of its day. Miss Helen Ashton necessarily sees Jane through the eyes of her family—for her family were her world; and she describes both with a skill Jane would have appreciated and a sympathy only Jane's sister Cassandra could have equalled. Here you have a Hampshire parson with five sons and two daughters. The boys found careers—two of them became admirals. The girls did not find husbands—hence *Pride and Prejudice*. With exquisite literary tact, Jane is not given pride of place until she has belatedly earned it. Tragedy enters with her cousin and sister-in-law Eliza, Warren Hastings' god-daughter, whose first husband is guillotined. Farce intrudes with the trial of rich Aunt Leigh Perrot on a faked charge of shoplifting at Bath. The first visit to Bath (of the detested "small parties") sharpens and unsheathes Jane's satiric claws; but her books hardly appear here, save as they are inspired by, or written for, her family.

H. P. E.

"But you should pity me"

In *The Willow Cabin* (surely her best book so far?), Miss Pamela Frankau has brought freshness to the stale theme of the Eternal Triangle, added poetry, compassion, wisdom and quite a lot of humour. Though we may wish that Caroline, the actress heroine, who gives up the stage for love of a famous surgeon, did not drink so much or so often (it is tempting to count the drinks consumed by everyone through the 442 pages) and may doubt whether she and the man's wife really could have been so mutually understanding after his death, the book is exciting, moving and remarkably well-written. The characters are just remote enough from life to breathe an air of magic, the dialogue glitters and the hero has a Lancelot-touch that makes us overlook his caddishness. In an excellent last chapter a group of characters join in a battle of quotations which make subtle commentary on all that has gone before.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- When the Wind Blows*. Cyril Hare. (Faber, 9/6)
The Journeying Boy. Michael Innes. (Gollancz, 10/6)
To the Queen's Taste. Edited by Ellery Queen. (Faber, 12/6)
Death Has Scarlet Candles. David Lockwood. (Hodder and Stoughton, 8/6)
Death Goes on Skis. Nancy Spain. (Hutchinson, 9/6)
Great Villiers. Hester W. Chapman. (Secker and Warburg, 18/-)
The Actor and His Audience. W. A. Darlington. (Phoenix House, 12/6)
Parson Austen's Daughter. Helen Ashton. (Collins, 10/6)
The Willow Cabin. Pamela Frankau. (Heinemann, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- American Excursion*. J. E. Morpurgo. (Cresset Press, 12/6)
 Not a record of a quick tour, but a considered view of U.S. life and institutions by an Englishman who studied at a university there. Lively, pungent, argumentative, spiced with anecdote.
Just a Song at Twilight. John Lodwick. (Heinemann, 9/6)
 Satirical story about the sudden occupation by Russians of a British island in the Pacific. An earnest determination to shock at all costs is sometimes noticeable, but the narrative is brisk and the writing careful and full of bite.
Postage Stamps in the Making. John Easton. (Faber, 21/-)
 The late Fred J. Melville's book, left unfinished in 1916, rewritten and completed by Mr. Easton. For the fascination and delight of all philatelists; everything about the technical processes of stamp-making. Over fifty photographs and many more diagrams.

So Quiet Was My Village

IT'S all nonsense about people in the country being reserved and difficult to get to know. Perhaps at first the people in this adorable little place were sticky, shambling past me in the village street with the sideways expression of morose anxiety normally assumed by a passing cow. The postman was a friendly man, and one morning when there was fivepence to pay I told him that I wanted to take my full share of village life. He grinned at me and went on his way, and I went back to my typewriter and my Life Story. Some of it makes really interesting reading, especially the bit where I put the carbon paper in backwards.

That was in the morning; and in the afternoon the tiny living-room was full of five large people all smiling at me. Five dogs, after greeting me hysterically, were chained to things all over the garden. I—in company with five ladders in each stocking—had arrived.

Life became a social whirl. Everybody asked me to meetings, where they flocked round me on arrival and rushed me up to a front seat. It wasn't long before I began to get on committees. I had never fancied myself much as a public speaker, but I began to think that I must be rather good, the way they all applauded.

Then one day old Major Dobson rang up. Been wonderin' if I'd take over his job as secretary to the Junior Branch of the Sports Club. Nothin' whatever to do of course in this sleepy little place, what, but his doctor said even nominal jobs were keepin' up his blood pressure. "You will?" he went on. "Thank G—you very much, m'dear. I'll come round in the mornin' and hand over the papers—nothin' to speak of." The same day Mrs. Thrubble rang up and said could she come round soon and have a little talk about the Hedgerow Fruit Preservation Society.

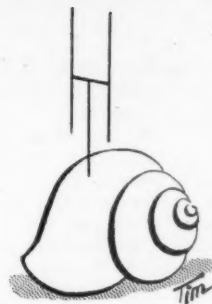
The next morning I observed them both approaching the cottage from different directions. As soon as they saw each other they broke into a run, the Major bent low and travelling fast and smoothly in a lope reminiscent of Groucho Marx. When he got past the end of the garden wall I saw that he was weighed down by a colossal suitcase. He reached the gate an easy first, waved to Mrs. Thrubble (who at once retreated as if at some perfectly understood signal), and then fell into my hall. "The papers," he said huskily, placing

the suitcase on my foot and sitting down suddenly.

A few minutes later he left; from behind a stack of forms and letters and printed regulations I watched him go down the path, a changed creature; a jolly man; a cane-swisher, with a gay word for little Mrs. Thrubble who at that moment appeared.

She had been wondering if I would do her a teenyweeny favour. She ran so many things in the village; none of them by themselves took up any time at all, but added up they took far too much. I was never quick at sums, so I was still thinking this one out when I heard her say: "Could you, do you think? Just the treasurership of the H.F.P.S.? You will?" She suddenly looked twice as big and invited me to tea next day to go through the Papers. Then she skipped down the path to the gate, where her twins awaited her, scraping their bicycle pedals along my newly-pointed wall. I think I heard one say: "What about the white man's burden?" And the other said, for certain: "Did you land it?" I couldn't see her face, but from their suddenly surprised and interested expressions I deduced that mother was making faces at them the like of which they had never yet beheld. I became very, very thoughtful. The next day I brought home from her tea-party a suitcase full of papers.

By the end of the year I was chairman of three village organizations, secretary of four, treasurer of five, each with its appropriate suitcase. I gave up gardening, writing, darning my stockings, in an effort to keep up with heavy correspondences with total strangers all over the country. Everybody in the village was perfectly sweet to me, except when I tried to resign from anything, and then they would just say coldly that surely I would



find life in the country very dull without a little outside interest.

The climax came with this year's Flower Show—I was, of course, secretary and treasurer—when a strong breeze blew one of old Mrs. Puffin's show numbers right across the tent on to Lady Jolly's wonderful exhibit of carrots, with the result that dear old Mrs. P. took the prize, "w'ich," I was told by an angry deputation, who all obviously thought it was my fault, "she oughtn't to of, being as she never did grow no carrots this year, let alone show 'em."

After the Flower Show I rang up Major Dobson and, between aspirins, told him what I thought of people who exploited people. "Don't worry so, m'dear," his voice chuckled at me. "Try the new people at The Laurels—postman told me this mornin' they told him they want to take their full share in the village life."

They do, do they? Well, when the procession moves off to The Laurels I shall be well up in front in a small hired pantechicon full of Papers. They can't have anything whatever to do, and life will be very dull for them in the country without a little outside interest.

Cuckoo-Insect's House

A PALE-GREEN shapeless adipose
Six-legged contrivance, with a dot
Each side for eyes, as June gets hot
Sits on a stem and bites and blows
Till, puffs and bubbles, up there grows
A dewy-crystal fairy grot
Where, dwelling, he may dream—or not—
According as his fancy goes.

The delicate pavilion of his dreams

Outshines the palaces that men create
Laboriously for kings. It ill beseems

Dull humans, bubble wise, to scorn the stuff.

The moral is that would we masticate

The daily crust, the crust were dream enough. C. C. P.

A Delight in Discomfort

ONE summer afternoon I found myself trotting along a neck of land joining two of the Five Sisters of Kintail. The Five Sisters of Kintail are so called because there are six of them, or seven if you count little Sgurr an t-Searraich, which sticks up rather shamefacedly at the seaward end, a thousand feet lower than all the others. They all have fierce and complicated names. Thé Gaels are not the kind of people who bother with nonsense like simplified spelling. They hold that their language is unlikely to become a universal one anyway, and they would be little happier if it did. Anybody who takes it into his head to learn it will have to find a Gael to tell him how to pronounce it; and even then he will never be quite sure he is right, because the opinions of Gaels on how to pronounce Gaelic words tend to differ widely. As for the spelling, it was made up by some professor, and has no relation at all to the spoken language.

On this particular occasion I am speaking of it was raining. It had been raining for ten days and ten nights without stopping; and I was running because I feared if I dropped to a walk my blood would freeze. There was a gale blowing, and as I trotted along this neck of land joining one unpronounceable wet Sister to another the rain turned to sleet, and then to hail. Now, hail in summer is not seemly, even in Wester Ross. It was the hail, perhaps, that made me suddenly wonder what I was doing here. Why had I come to this place?

When this thought came into my head I was so astonished that I paused to consider it. Immediately my hat blew off. It was an old, old hat, injured to hardship, and it was tied to my lapel by a long piece of string.

The precaution was justified. My hat was now sticking out stiffly to leeward, on the end of six feet of twine, quivering slightly. I hauled it in and stuck it back on my hail-plastered head.

What was I doing this for? Mutely I asked the scenery around me. It did not reply. The ground fell away sharply to the right and to the left. I myself had nearly fallen away sharply to the right and to the left on several occasions. Forward and aft stretched about ten feet of nubbly ridge; beyond, in either direction, was a thick mist. As scenery it lacked something. It was not what M. Michelin would indicate with those little blue feathers as a *beau point de vue*, or *Panorama*.

I was forced to postpone a proper consideration of the problem by the rapid onset of numbness in the extremities. I had to run, panting considerably, up several hundred feet of invisible scenery to what must have been Sgurr nan Saighead, and gallop down the other side at great danger to my ankles. Repeating this process a few times, I found myself at last on Sgurr nan Spainteach. Honour was satisfied. I descended to Glen Shiel and began to walk home, past that lonely monolith that from a distance appears to be a memorial of some battle of long ago. The inscription reveals that it was erected to the memory of Donald Cameron, the great shinty player. After five miles or so the numbness was dispelled so far that I was able to extract from my pocket some sandwiches. It was then that a partial answer to my thought came to me.

I did this for pleasure.

That is what it was. I had run all the way from Sgurr na Moraich to Sgurr nan Spainteach in a fog in order to enjoy myself.

All the same, there seemed to be something still unanswered.

As I walked on in the heavy rain my attention was attracted by a strange phenomenon. A few miles away down the glen, not far from the shores of the sea-loch, there was (and no doubt still is) a little squarish kind of loch, fed by the Shiel Burn with any amount of fresh water, the only commodity available in Kintail in absolutely unlimited quantities except the politeness of the inhabitants. On the surface of this loch was a small black speck, which, as I watched it, proceeded to move slowly round and round in circles.

I speculated on the nature of this large, eccentric wet-water insect as I walked down the glen. It turned out to be a small boat. From the loch-side it was an entrancing and dismal spectacle. In the boat sat one man, veiled in tarpaulins. He was pulling slowly at one oar; and this kept him circulating quietly round in the middle of the loch. Over the stern of his little boat protruded a fishing-rod.

I am no fisherman myself, being of too impatient a temperament, but I salute all fishermen—as the saying is—and in particular I saluted this man. He had not been hailed on as I had, but he had been rained on in plenty. There was water above him, water below him and water all round him; moreover, he had not been able to exercise his limbs, but had sat quietly there, hour after hour, tugging slowly at his one oar. If he enjoyed this, what was there, between Sgurr na Moraich and Sgurr nan Spainteach, that I should not enjoy?

My thought was quieted, and I went along to Invershiel to barter for potatoes with an ever-courteous Gael.

R. P. LISTER

AND THAT IS THE END



OF VOLUME

216

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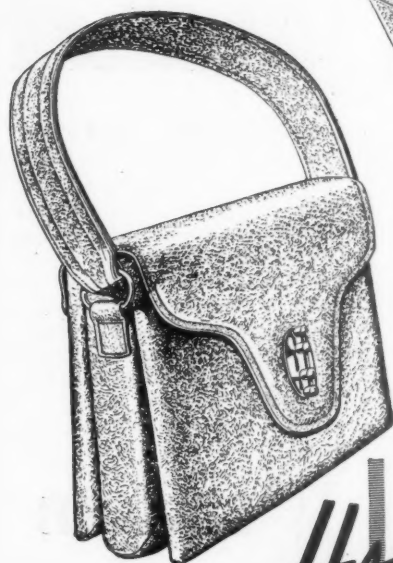
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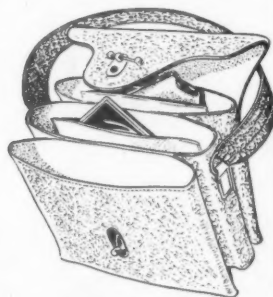
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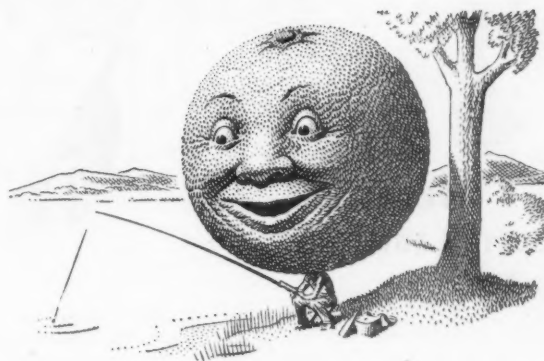
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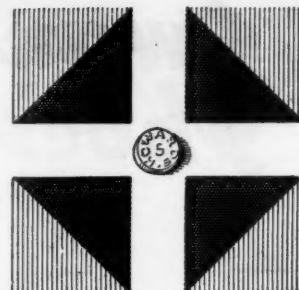
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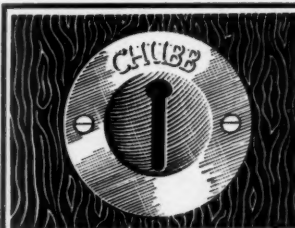
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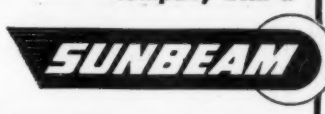


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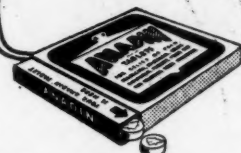
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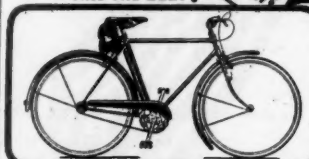


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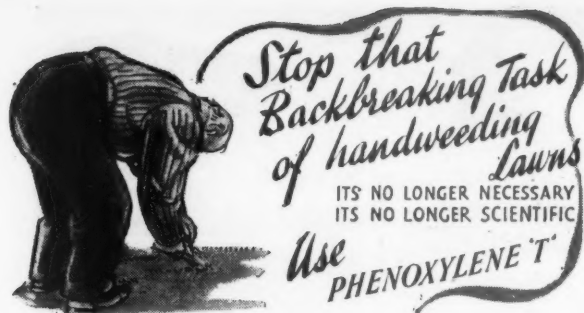
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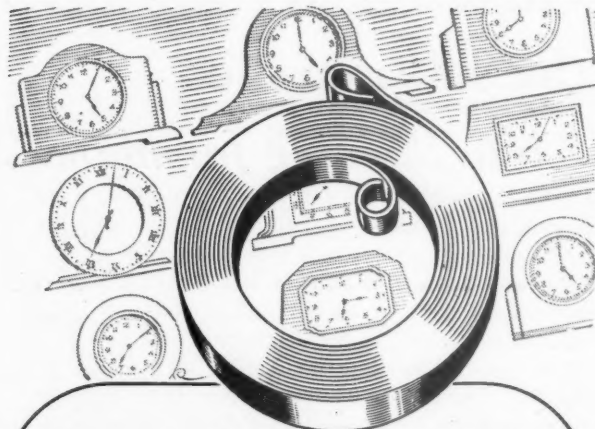
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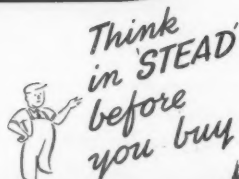
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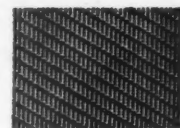
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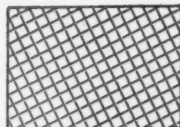
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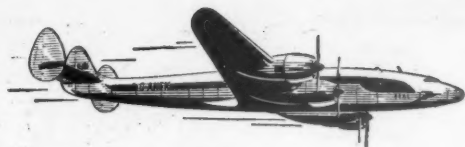
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There are men like Coke of Norfolk in every British generation. Immediately after the war, the men in charge of Britain's electricity production again surveyed a gloomy prospect. All plans for electrical development had been interrupted. Once again vision and initiative have triumphed. Already restrictions on the use of electricity during "off-peak" hours are being lifted. Before long all the latest electrical appliances will be available for use to everyone; and, in the meantime, increasing power is flowing to Britain's factories.



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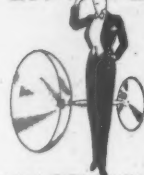
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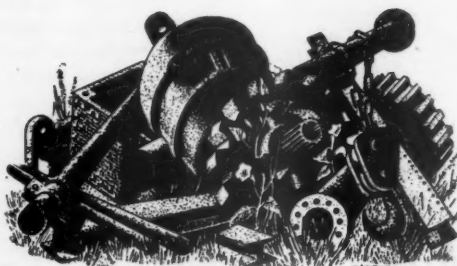
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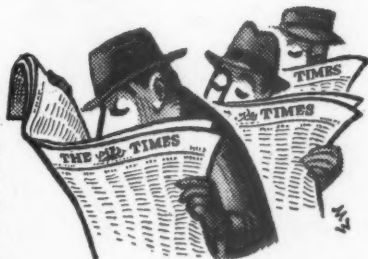


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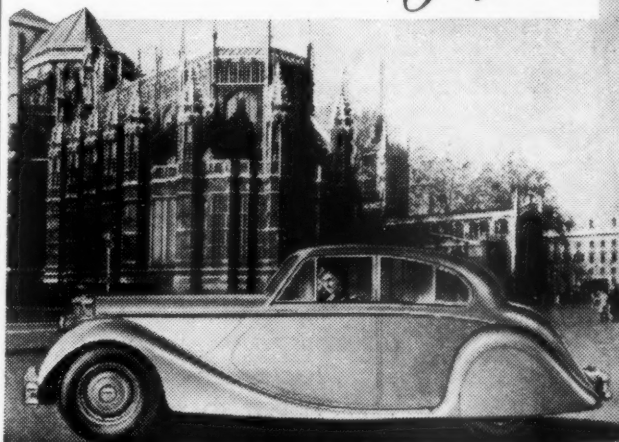


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women will say of your hair—
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The Cambridge Model

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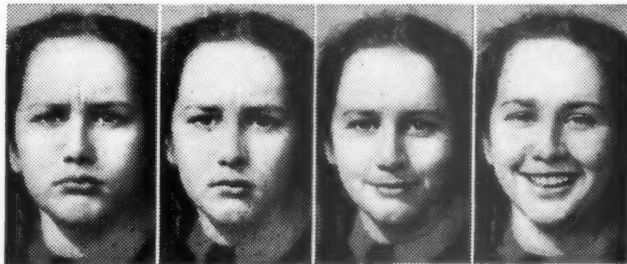


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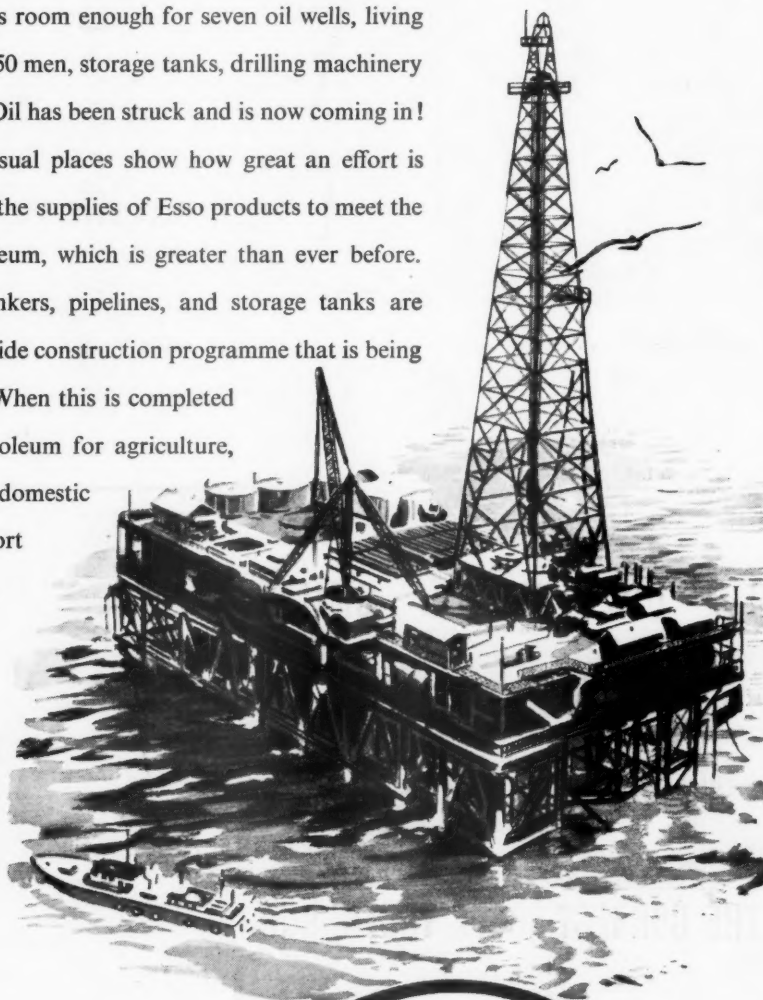
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